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War Songs of the South.

EDITED BY

"BOHEMIAN,"

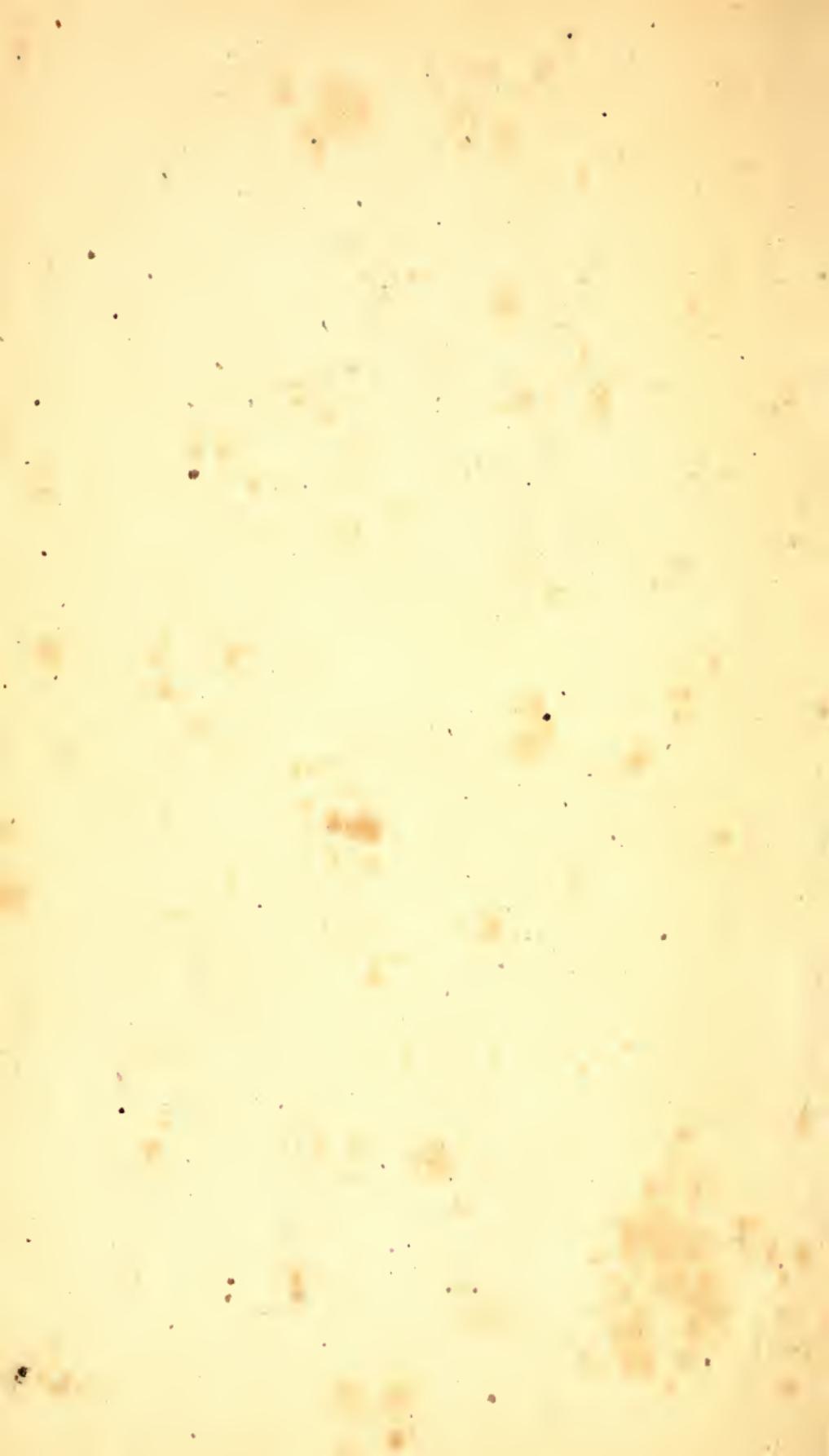
CORRESPONDENT RICHMOND DISPATCH.

William G. Shepperson

"I said, I knew a very wise man so much of Sir CHR.—'s sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

—FLETCHER's *Political Works*, p. 372.

RICHMOND:
WEST & JOHNSTON, 145 MAIN STREET.
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Preface.

SOUTHERN Independence has struck the lyre as well as unsheathed the sword.

That it has inspired many a song no-less truly poetical than intensely patriotic, our newspapers amply testify. But the newspaper can give only an ephemeral life to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The book embalms if it does not immortalize.

A few years ago, when an attempt was made to collect the ballads and songs of the Revolution of '76, much regret was occasioned by the fact that many admirable ones had been but partially preserved by tradition, and that others, perhaps, of equal merit, had been entirely lost. Shall we not try to insure against so deplorable a fate the songs of our own revolution?

We are in the midst of a revolution in which the instinct of Southern women has anticipated the logic of our statesmen and the ardor of our soldiers. The heart of GERTRUDE, in SCHILLER'S "*Wilhelm Tell*," beats in the bosom of every Southern wife. And more than one fair daughter of the South, adopting the aphorism of old FLETCHER of Saltown, have contributed to this collection of War Songs.

Many of the songs have been composed by soldiers in camp, and nearly all have particular reference to some event of the war, some battle, or individual act of heroism. Written cotemporaneously with the achievements which they celebrate, they possess all the vitality and force of the testimony of eye-witnesses to a glorious combat, or even of actors in it. The spontaneous outburst of popular feeling, they give the lie to the assertion of our enemy that this revolution is the work of politicians and party leaders alone.

Through the Poet's Corner in the newspaper, they have sped their flight from and to the heart and mind of the people. They showed which way the wind was blowing, when war arose "a

little cloud like a man's hand," and, black as the heaven may now appear, they bravely sing above the storm, soaring so high that their wings are brightened by the sun beyond the clouds.

They cannot fail to challenge the attention of the philosophic historian by their origin and their influence. It was no false oracle at Delphi which bade the alarmed Lacedæmonians seek a general at Athens ; for the songs of lame TYRTÆUS, the schoolmaster, whom the Athenians contemptuously sent to them, reanimated their courage, and led them on to victory over the Messinians. In every age, martial songs have wrought wonders in struggles for national independence.

And surely, these newspaper waifs have played no unimportant part in the actual drama which surrounds us. Convinced that their wealth of patriotic sentiment is too precious to be lost, I have gleaned through the fields of newspaper literature, and have bound up this volume as one binds up a sheaf of golden grain. I need not disguise the pleasure with which I bring such a gift to the thousands of unknown friends whose flattering reception of the letters of "Bohemian"

has consoled and cheered me in camp, on the battle-field, on the bed of sickness, and as a prisoner of war.

I must also express my thanks to Prof. W. S. CHASE, of Richmond College, and J. R. THOMPSON, Esq., former Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, for having placed at my disposal a collection previously made by them, and for which, as well as for the present collection, corrected copies of most of the songs have been kindly furnished by the writers themselves.

A single volume of ordinary size cannot contain a tithe of the songs which have already appeared and are daily appearing. This, however, offers enough to show that, during the present eventful period, what was said of the early Spaniard is true of the Southron:—"He has been unconsciously surrounding history with the light of imagination—linking great names with great deeds—concentrating those universal recollections in which every one feels he has a part, and silently building up the fabric of national poetry on the basis of national enthusiasm."

BOHEMIAN.

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War Songs of the South.

HARP OF THE SOUTH AWAKE!

Respectfully dedicated to Capt. BRADLEY T. JOHNSTON, of the "Frederick Volunteers," now in service in Virginia, by his friend

J. M. KILGOUR.

Harp of the South awake!
From every golden wire,
Let the voice of thy power go forth,
Like the rush of a prairie fire;
With the rush and the rhythm of a power,
That dares a freeman's grave,
Rather than live to wear
The chains of a truckling slave.

Harp of the South awake!
Thy sons are aroused at last,
And their legions are gathering now,
To the sound of the trumpet-blast;
To the scream of the piercing fife,
And the beat of the rolling drum,
From mountain, and hill, and plain,
And field, and town, they come.

B

Harp of the South awake!
Their banners are on the breeze—
Tell the world how vain the thought
To subdue such men as these,
With hero hearts that beat,
To the throbs of the spirit-flame,
Which will kindle their battle fires
In freedom's holy name.

Harp of the South awake!
But not to sing of love,
In shady forest-bower,
Or fragrant orange grove;
Oh, no, but thy song must be
The wrath of the battle crash,
Inscribed on the cloud of war,
With the pen of its lightning flash.

Harp of the South awake!
And strike the strains once more,
Which nerved thy heroes' hearts
In the glorious days of yore;
Which gave a giant's strength
To the arm of MARION—
Of SUMTER—MORGAN—LEE,
And your own great WASHINGTON.

Harp of the South awake!
Your freedom's Angel calls,
In the laugh of the rippling rills,
And the roar of the waterfalls.
See how she bends to hear,
As she walks the valleys through
And along the mountain-tops,
In robes of gold and blue.

Harp of the South awake !
 The proud—the full-soul'd South—
 With the dusk of her flashing eyes,
 And the lure of her rosy mouth—
 With love, or pride, or wrath,
 Thrilling her noble form,
 As she smiles like a summer sky,
 Or frowns like a summer storm !

Harp of the South awake !
 Though the soldier's beaming tear
 May fall on thy trembling strings,
 As he breathes his farewell prayer ;
 Yet, tell him how to die
 On the bloody battle-field,
 Rather than to her foes
 The gallant South should yield.

OH, THE SWEET SOUTH !

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

Oh, the sweet South ! the sunny, sunny South !
 Land of true feeling, land forever mine !
 I drink the kisses of her rosy mouth,
 And my heart swells as with a draught of wine ;
 She brings me blessings of maternal love ;
 I have her smile, which hallows all my toil ;
 Her voice persuades, her generous smiles approve,
 She sings me from the sky and from the soil !
 Oh ! by her lonely pines, that wave and sigh—

Oh ! by her myriad flowers that bloom and fade—
 By all the thousand beauties of her sky,
 And the sweet solace of her forest shade,
 She's mine—she's ever mine—
 Nor will I aught resign
 Of what she gives me, mortal or divine :
 Will sooner part
 With life, hope, heart—
 Will die—before I fly !

II.

Oh ! love is her's—such love as ever glows
 In souls where leaps affection's living tide ;
 She is all fondness to her friends : to foes
 She glows a thing of passion, strength, and pride ;
 She feels no tremors when the danger's nigh,
 But, the fight over, and the victory won,
 How, with strange fondness, turns her loving eye
 In tearful welcome on each gallant son !
 Oh ! by her virtues of the cherished past—
 By all her hopes of what the future brings—
 I glory that my lot with her is cast,
 And my soul flushes, and exulting sings :
 She's mine—she's ever mine—
 For her will I resign
 All precious things—all placed upon her shrine—
 Will freely part
 With life, hope, heart—
 Will die—do aught but fly !

(From the Mississippian.)

SOUTHRONS, HEAR YOUR COUNTRY CALL YOU!

BY ALBERT PIKE, of Arkansas.

(*To the tune of Dixie.*)

Southern, hear your country call you
Up! lest worse than death befall you
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted,
Lo! all hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Chorus.

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
To arms! etc.
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accurs'd alliance!
To arms! etc.
Advance the flag of Dixie, etc.

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike and sabre!
To arms! etc.

Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder !

To arms ! etc.

Advance the flag of Dixie, etc.

How the South's great heart rejoices
At yon cannon's ringing voices !

To arms ! etc.

For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken ;

To arms ! etc.

Advance the flag of Dixie, etc.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt the beagles !

To arms ! etc.

Cut the unequal bonds asunder !

Let them each other plunder !

To arms ! etc.

Advance the flag of Dixie, etc.

Swear upon your Country's altar,
Never to submit or falter,

To arms ! etc.

'Til the spoilers are defeated,

'Til the Lord's work is completed !

To arms ! etc.

Advance the flag of Dixie, etc.

Halt not, till our Federation

Secures 'mong earth's powers its station !

To arms ! etc.

Then at peace and crowned with glory,

Hear your children tell the story !

To arms ! etc.

Advance the flag of Dixie, etc.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,

Victory soon shall bring them gladness !

To arms ! etc.

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,

Smiles chase tears away to-morrow !

To arms ! etc.

Advance the flag of Dixie, etc.

(From the Richmond Whig.)

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Who talks of Coercion ? Who dares to deny

A resolute people their right to be free ?

Let him blot out forever one star from the sky,

Or curb with his fetter one wave of the sea.

Who prates of Coercion ? Can love be restor'd

To bosoms where only resentment may dwell—

Can peace upon earth be proclaimed by the sword,

Or good will among men be established by shell ?

Shame ! shame that the statesman, the trickster forsooth

Should have for a crisis no other recourse,

Beneath the fair day-spring of Light and of Truth,

Than the old *brutem fulmen* of Tyranny—Force.

From the holes where Fraud, Falsehood and Hate slink away—

From the crypt in which Error lies buried in chains—
This foul apparition stalks forth to the day,
And would ravage the land which his presence profanes.

Could you conquer us, Men of the North, could you bring
Desolation and death on our homes as a flood—
Can you hope the pure lily, Affection, will spring
From ashes all reeking and sodden with blood?

Could you brand us as villeins and serfs, know ye not
What fierce, sullen hatred lurks under the scar?
How loyal to Hapsburg is Venice, I wot,
How dearly the Pole loves his Fathier, the Czar?

But 'twere well to remember this land of the sun
Is a *nutrix leonum*, and suckles a race
Strong-armed, lion-hearted and banded as one
Who brook not oppression and know not disgrace.

And well may the schemers in office beware
The swift retribution that waits upon crime,
When the lion, RESISTANCE, shall leap from his lair
With a fury that renders his vengeance sublime.

Once, men of the North, we were brothers, and still,
Though brothers no more, we would gladly be friends;
Nor join in a conflict accurst that must fill
With ruin the country on which it descends.

But, if smitten with blindness and mad with the rage
The gods give to all whom they wish to destroy,
You would act as a new ILLIAD to darken the age
With horrors beyond what is told us of Troy—

If, deaf as the adder itself to the cries,
When Wisdom, Humanity, Justice, implore,
You would have our proud eagle to feed on the eyes
Of those who have taught him so grandly to soar—

If there be to your malice no limit imposed,
And your reckless design is to rule with the rod
The men, upon whom you have already closed
Our goodly domain and the temples of God—

To the breeze then your banner dishonoured unfold,
And at once let the tocsin be sounded afar ;
We greet you, as greeted the Swiss CHARLES THE BOLD
With a farewell to peace and a welcome to war !

For the courage that clings to our soil, ever bright,
Shall catch inspiration from turf and from tide ;
Our sons unappalled shall go forth to the fight,
With the smile of the fair, the pure kiss of the bride ;

And the bugle its echoes shall send through the past,
In the trenches of Yorktown to waken the slain ;
While the sods of King's Mountain shall heave at the blast,
And give up its heroes to glory again.

From the Norfolk Day Book.)

A POÉM WHICH NEEDS NO DEDICATION.

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE.

I.

What! you hold yourselves as freemen
 Tyrants love just such as ye
 Go! abate your lofty manner!
 Write upon the old State's banner
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine!"

II.

Sink before the Federal altars,
 Each one low on bended knee;
 Pray with lips that sob and falter,
 This prayer from a coward's Psalter:
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine!"

III.

But you hold that quick repentance
 In the Northern mind will be.
 This repentance comes no sooner
 Than the robbers did at Luna.*
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine!"

IV.

He repented him; the Bishop
 Gave him absolution free—
 Poured upon sacred chrism

*The incident with which I have illustrated my opinion of the policy of those who would have us wait for a "reaction at the North," may be found in Milman's Latin Christianity, vol. iii, p. 133.

In the pomp of his baptism.

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

V.

He repented ; then, he sickened,
Was he pining for the sea ?
In extremis he was shriven.
The Viaticum was given.

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

VI.

Then, the old Cathedral’s choir
Took the plaintive minor key,
With the Host upraised before him,
Down the marble aisle they bore him ;
“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

VII.

And the Bishop, and the Abbot,
And the Monks of high degree,
Chanting praise to the Madonna,
Came to do him Christian honor ;
“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

VIII.

Now the Miserere’s cadence
Takes the voices of the sea ;
As the music billows quiver,
See the dead Freebooter shiver !
“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

IX.

Is it that those intonations
 Thrill him thus from head to knee?
 See his cerements burst asunder!
 'Tis a sight of fear and wonder!
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine!"

X.

Fierce he stands before the Bishop—
 Dark as shape of Destinie!
 Hark! a shriek ascends, appalling!
 Down the prelate goes, dead—falling!
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine!"

XI.

Hasting lives! He was but feigning!
 What! Repentant! Never he!
 Down he smites the priests and friars,
 And the city lights with fires!
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine!"

XII.

Ah! the children and the maidens,
 'Tis in vain they try to flee!
 Where the white-haired priests lie bleeding,
 Is no place for tearful pleading;
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine!"

XIII.

Louder swells the frightful tumult;
 Pallid death hold reverie;
 Dies the organ's mighty clamor,
 By the Norseman's iron hammer;

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

XIV.

And they thought that he repented !

Had they nailed him to a tree,
He had not deserved their pity,
And—they had not lost their city :

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

XV.

There's a moral in this story,

Which is as plain as truth can be ;
If we trust the North's relenting,
We shall shriek, too late, repenting :

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

A BALLAD FOR THE YOUNG SOUTH.

BY JOSEPH BRENNAN.

Men of the South ! our foes are up

In fierce and grim array ;

Their sable banner laps the air—

An insult to the day !

The Saints of CROMWELL rise again

In sanctimonious hordes,

Hiding behind the garb of peace

A million ruthless swords.

From North, from East, and West, they seek

The same disastrous goal,

With Christ upon the lying lip,
And Satan in the soul;
Mocking, with ancient SHIBBOLETH,
All wise and just restraints—
“To the Saints of Heaven was Empire given,
And *we* alone are Saints!”

Men of the South! look up—behold
The deep and sullen gloom
Which darkens o'er your sunny land
With thunder in its womb!
Are ye so blind ye cannot see
The omens in the sky?
Are ye so deaf ye cannot hear
The tramp of foemen nigh?
Are ye so dull ye will endure
The whips and scorn of men,
Who hide the heart of TITUS OATES?
Beneath the words of PENN?
Are ye so base that, foot to foot,
Ye will not gladly stand
For land and life, for child and wife,
With naked steel in hand?

A preacher to the pulpit comes,
And calls upon the crowd,
For Southern creeds and Southern hopes,
To weave a bloody shroud.
Beside the prayer book on his desk
The bullet mould is seen,
And near the Bible's golden clasp
The dagger's stately sheen:
The simple tale of Bethlehem
No more is fondly told,
For every priestly surplice drags
Too heavily with gold:

The blessed Cross of Calvary
Becomes a sign of Bael,
Like that which played when Chieftains raised
The clansmen of the Gael!

“Down with the laws our fathers made !
They bind our hearts no more ;
Down with the stately edifice
Cemented with their gore !
Forget the legends of our race—
Efface each wise decree—
Americans must kneel as slaves,
’Til Africans are free !
Out on the mere Caucasian blood
Of Teuton, Celt or Gaul—
The stream which springs from Niger’s source
Must triumph over all !”
So speaks a solemn Senator
Within those halls to-day,
Which echoed erst the thunderburst
Of WEBSTER and of CLAY.

Hark to the howling demagogues—
A fierce and ravenous pack—
With nostrils prone, and bark and bay,
Which run upon our track !
The waddling bull-pup, HALE—the cur
Of Massachusetts’ breed—
The moping mongrel, sparsely crossed
With Puritanic seed—
The Boston bards who join the chase
With genuine beagle chime,
And SUMNER, snarling poodle pet
Of virgins past their prime ;
And even the sluts of Women’s Rights—
TRAY, BLANCHE, and SWEETHEART, all—

Are yelping shrill against us still,
And hunger for our fall!

Look North, look East, look West—the scene
Is blackening all around—
The Negro Cordon, year by year,
Is fast and faster bound ;
The black line crossed—the sable flag
Surrounded by a host—
Our out-post forced, our sentinels
Asleep upon their posts ;
Our brethrens' life-blood flowing free
To stain the Kansas soil,
And shed in vain, while pious thieves
Are fattening on our toil ;
Look North, look West—the ominous sky
Is moonless, starless, black,
And from the East comes hurrying up
A sweeping thunder-rack !

Men of the South ! ye have no kin
With fanatics or fools ;
You are not bound by breed or birth
To Massachusetts rules.
A hundred nations gave their blood
To feed these healthful springs,
Which bear the seed of JACQUES BONHOMME
With that of Bourbon kings.
The Danish pluck and sailor-craft,
The Huguenotic will,
The Norman grace and chivalry,
The German steady skill ;
The fiery Celt's impassioned thought
Inspire the Southern heart ;
Who have no room for bigot-gloom,
Or pious plunder's art !

Sons of the brave ! the time has come
To bow the haughty crest,
Or stand alone, despite the threats
Of North, or East, or West !
The hour has come for manly deeds,
And not for puling words—
The hour has passed for platform prate—
It is the time for swords !
And by the fame of JOHN CALHOUN,
To honest truth be true,
And by old JACKSON's iron will,
Now do what ye can do !
By all ye love, by all ye hope,
Be resolute and proud,
And make your flag a symbol high
Of triumph, or a shroud !

Men of the South ! look up—behold
The deep and sullen gloom,
Which darkens o'er your sunny land
With thunder in its womb !
Are ye so blind ye cannot see
The omens in the sky ?
Are ye so deaf ye cannot hear
The tramp of foemen nigh ?
Are ye so dull ye will endure
The whips and scorns of men,
Who hide the heart of TITUS OATES
Beneath the words of PENN ?
Are ye so base that, foot to foot,
Ye will not gladly stand
For land and life, for child and wife,
With naked steel in hand ?

LINES TO THE TYRANT.

BY HENRY C. ALEXANDER.

"It may be necessary to put the foot down firmly."

—MR. LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.

"Tramp—tramp—tramp."

—BURGER'S LEONORA.

The legion is armed for the battle,
The charger is hot for the fray,
The thunders of musketry rattle;
Yon eagles shall feast on the prey:
The corslets like diamonds are gleaming,
The standard of blood is unfurled:—
Yes, put the foot down, Mr. LINCOLN,
And trample them out of the world!

The hosts of the West are in motion,
The North sends a ravenous pack:
Like waves on a pitiless ocean—
When the heavens above them are black.
They surge over mountain and prairie,
Wild billows the tempest has curled:
Yes, put the foot down, Mr. LINCOLN,
And trample them out of the world!

ATTILA, fearful destroyer,
Merciless GENGHIS KHAN,
Veiled like the sage of Korassan,
Utter the truculent ban!
Bright as ST. GEORGE in his armour
And blood-red cross unfurled,
Trample the insolent dragon,
Trample it out of the world!

Weak in the clouds like ANTÆUS,
Strong upon touching the earth,
Stormy as CASTOR and POLLUX—
Twins of Olympian birth—
Blazing with eyes like the lightnings
JOVE at PROMETHEUS hurled ;
Put the foot down, Mr. LINCOLN,
And trample them out of the world !

What though the land is in sack-cloth,
What though each minstrel is dumb,
And through sweet Wyoming's valleys,
Echoes the roll of the drum ;
What though from city and hamlet,
Tears and entreaties are poured :—
Put the foot down Mr. LINCOLN,
Slaughter the dove with the sword !

The stars in their courses are silent,
The willows in agony weep,
The wind o'er the wave murmurs sadly,
Where the ashes of WASHINGTON sleep :
The cypress is shaken with horror,
The glory-of-morning is furled ;
But—put the foot down, Mr. LINCOLN,
And trample them out of the world.

In the chambers once vocal with music,
And drunk with the eloquent word,
The clarion now screams for the conflict,
And the terrible tocsin is heard.
A torrent is chafing its channel,
Where only a rivulet purled :
So put the foot down, Mr. LINCOLN,
And trample them out of the world.

On the rice-fields of fair Carolina,
The head of the matron is bowed :
The sire takes down the old flint-lock,
And back the old memories crowd.
He thinks of the glory of SUMTER,
The valour of MARION's men,
And his heart leaps the gulf in an instant,
That yawns 'tween the now and the then.

The daughters of Georgia are weeping,
Though RAMAH's sad voices are stilled ;
For the earliest violets are peeping
Where their lovers' hearts blood shall be spilled.
Her yeomen all chant the bold stanzas
Of tyrants to infamy hurled :
But—put the foot down, Mr. LINCOLN,
And trample them out of the world.

The rangers of Texas are mounting,
And will presently scour the plain ;
And brave for their homes and their kindred,
Will cover the earth with the slain.
Marked you the dark-flashing eye-ball,
The scorn in the lip that was curled ?
Then plant thes foot firm, Mr. LINCOLN,
And trample them out of the world !

Soft is thy name Alabama,
And soft is thy flower-laden gale,
As it breathes over rustling woodlands,
And whitens the prospered sail.
Like yonder stricken wild-fowl,
With bleeding pinion furled,
Thy glory is soon to be smitten,
And trampled out of the world !

Beautiful Louisiana,
 Queen of the river and plain,
 Blooming with verdant savannah,
 Rich with the tropical cane ;
 Over thee floats the proud emblem,
 Now on the breezes unfurled,
 That dares the unfeeling oppressor
 To trample thee out of the world !

Florida, gem of the ocean,
 Bride of the wondering sea,
 Through thy sons ardent devotion,
 Born to be dauntless and free ;
 Thy fame is as bright as thy coastland
 With diamond-shell impearled :
 But—put the foot down, Mr. LINCOLN,
 And trample them out of the world !

From thy glad, fertile realm, Mississippi,
 Where cotton is picked by the slave,
 The paean ascendeth to heaven,
 Of liberty won by the brave :
 As a sound of tumultuous waters,
 Comes the din of the camp and the roar
 Of voices that rise on the tempest,
 Shouting—*we will be slaves nevermore !*

“ Virginia, Virginia, where art thou ? ”
 She wakes like him of old,
 And bursts the green withes that would bind her,
 As she shakes her locks of gold :
 Glorious in her raiment,
 The sunshine on her brow,
 DIANA, in her slumbers,
 The mailed MINERVA—now !

The day is at hand, Mr. LINCOLN,
Which prophets longed to see,
When the prison-doors shall open
And let the oppressed go free:
When from thy trembling fingers,
The sceptre shall be hurled,
And *thy foot-prints*, vandal sovereign,
Shall be trampled out of the world!

TEAR DOWN THAT FLAG!

BY THEO. H. HILL.

Tear down the flag of constellated stars!
Blot out its field of blue!
And suffer only "the red planet Mars"
To shed its ghastly hue—
Let only now his beams of baleful light
Burst like a beacon on the gloom of night!

Trail in the dust the Tyrant's standard sheet!
'Twas erst the flag of Tyrant's fiercest foes;
It now shall be the symbol of defeat—
Shall droop prophetic of impending woes
To those who stand where hero-martyrs stood,
And CAIN-like, clamor for their brother's blood!

Tear down that flag! Its skies to sable turn;
Fast fades each "stripe of pure celestial white,"
Its bickering stars to sparkless embers burn,
Its Eagle skulks the light!
A vulture now, he wings his sluggish flight
To nestle with the noisome birds of night!

Tear down that flag! It flouts the breeze,
A flagrant—flaunting insult to the sky;
Disgraced at home—dishonored on the seas,
Its coward colors fly,
From field to field ingloriously driven,
With *stars* eclipsed and *stripes* all rudely riven!

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Oh, say can you see, through the gloom and the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation?
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.
How radiant each star! as they beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war;
'Tis the Cross of the South, which shall ever remain
To light us to Freedom and Glory again.

How peaceful and blest was America's soil,
'Til betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,
Which lurks under Virtue, and springs from its coil,
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen.
Then loudly appeal to each heart that can feel,
And crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's heel;
And the Cross of the South shall forever remain
To light us to Freedom and Glory again.

'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day-star of hope;
Like the sacred Labarum, which guided the Roman,
From the shores of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope,
'Tis the trust of the free and the terror of foemen—

Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare
The rights we demand, or the deeds that we dare ;
And the Cross of the South shall forever remain
To light us to Freedom and Glory again.

But, if peace should be hopeless and justice denied,
And war's bloody vulture should flap his black pinions,
Then, gladly to arms ! while we hurl in our pride,
Defiance to Tyrants, and death to their minions,
With our front to the field, swearing never to yield,
Or return like the Spartan in death on our shield ;
And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave
As the flag of the free or the pall of the brave.

LET THE BUGLE BLOW !

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

Let the bugle blow along the mountain !
Shrilly blow ! shrilly blow !
We must leave each pleasant grove and fountain
We must go to battle—we must go !
For the storm is raging on the highlands ;
It has swept the valleys all below ;
And, from fertile plains and sunny islands,
Pours the foe—the bloody, insolent foe !
Let the bugle blow—shrilly blow !
We must meet the foe—the hateful foe !
Blow, then, for battle, fiery battle, blow,
Thou mountain bugle, blow !
Blow ! blow !

II.

See, as blows our bugle, how they gather !
 Bugle blow—shrilly blow !
 There rides up the old and grisly father,
 And the son is spurring from below !
 We must dye in purple this green heather,
 We must free the country from the foe,
 Though we ride abroad in fearful weather,
 And o'er mountains clad in snow !
 Let the bugle blow—shrilly blow !
 Though we perish, we must meet the foe !
 Blow for battle, mountain bugle, blow !
 Let each mountain echo feel thee blow—
 Blow ! blow !

III.

Let the bugle blow, from wild Autauga,
 Bugles blow—shrilly blow !
 See the hunters come, of Lanasauga,
 Rifles ready shotted for the foe :
 From far vales of Cumberland they gather,
 And from slopes of green Saluda, lo !
 Fiery son of speed, and fearless father,
 Eager for the grapple with the foe !
 Give them joyful welcome, bugle, blow !
 Welcome for the champion—and the foe !
 Blow for the coming battle, bugle, blow,
 A peal of vengeance on the hateful foe !
 We must meet and crush him at a blow.
 Blow for the fight and triumph, bugle, blow !
 Shrilly blow, thou mountain bugle, blow !
 Blow ! blow !

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

A BUGLE NOTE.

BY A. LANSING BURROWS.

Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! steadily on to the foe ;
With banners afloat in the stirring breeze,
As briskly they wind through the forest trees ;
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! how cheerful their spirits flow !
With bayonets bright in the dazzling sun,
And swords that already bright vict'ries have won,
Steadily on to the foe !

Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! on to the field of strife ;
Leaving mothers and sisters behind,
Close to fathers and brothers kind,
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! oh, how hopeful of life !
Naught is heard but the measured pace,
As each one goes with determined face,
On to the field of strife !

Boom ! boom ! boom ! rises the cannon's roar !
Thick and fast comes the rattling hail !
Shells burst quick in the sulphurous vale !
Boom ! boom ! boom ! earth is slippery with gore,
Drowning the notes of the clarion clear,
Nerving each breast from craven fear,
Rises the cannon's roar !

On ! on ! on ! striking the final blow !
Steadily closing the shattered ranks,
Slowly they move in firm phalanx,
On ! on ! on ! laying the enemy low !
Ah ! but many a valiant breast
Crimsons, obeying the Fates' behest.
Striking the final blow !

Shout! shout! shout! o'er the victory now!
Aye, in dismay th' invader flies,
And the murderous war of the tempest dies.
Shout! shout! shout! bravely the deed's been done!
Aye! but alas, in how many a vale
Shall there arise a heart-stricken wail
Over the victory won!

WHAT THE BUGLES SAY.

*Inscribed to Capt. BEN. LANE POSEY for his gallantry and efficiency
in battle at Pensacola.*

BY A. B. MEEK.

Hark! the bugles on the hill!
Tarala! Tarala!
All the vale their echoes fill!
Tarala! Tarala!
“Gather, gather, stalwart men,
From the forest, field and glen;
Leave the hammer, axe and plow,
Warrior deeds demand ye now!
Hasten to the crimson field,
There the glittering bayonets wield!
There confront the cannon's mouth,
Fearless champions of the South!”

Hark! again the bugles sound!
Tarala! Tarala!
How their echoes scream around!
Tarala! Tarala!

“Lo! the grim and impious foe,
 Comes to lay your altars low—
 Comes to blast, with sword and brand,
 Vandal-like, your happy land!
 Led by rapine—fired by lust—
 Heedless of the right and just—
 Fetters brings he, chains and gyves,
 Dark dishoner for your wives!”

Hark! then hark! the bugles' call!

Tarala! Tarala!

Angel-toned they cry to all!

Tarala! Tarala!

“By the God who rules above!

By the beings whom ye love,
 By the rights your fathers won,
 By the manes of WASHINGTON,
 Rouse and meet the invading band,
 Sweep them, chaff-like, from the land!
 Daring ev'n the cannon's mouth,
 Fearless champions of the South!”

(From the Charleston Courier.)

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Translated and adapted as an Ode.

BY HON. B. F. PORTER, of Alabama.

Sons of the South, arise! awake! be free
 Behold! the day of Southern glory comes!
 See! where the blood-stained flag of tyranny,
 Pollutes the air, that breathes around your homes.

Rise, Southern men! from villages and farms,
Cry vengeance! Oh! shall worse than pirate slaves,
Strangle your children in their mothers arms,
And spit on dust that fills your father's graves!
To arms! sons of the South! come, like a mountain flood,
March on! let every vale o'erflow with th' invaders' blood.

What would these men, whose lives black treachery stains?
Conspirators to plunder long endeared?
For whom these vile, these ignominious chains?
These fetters for our brother's hands prepared?
Sons of the South! for us! oh! bitter thought!
What transports should our burning souls inspire?
Shall Southern men, by mercenaries bought,
Be sold to vassalage, from son to sire?
To arms! sons of the South! come, like a mountain flood,
March on! let every vale o'erflow with th' invaders' blood:

What! shall this grovelling race, who cringe for gold,
Make laws for Southern men, on Southern soil?
Shall these degenerate hordes, to avarice sold,
Crush freedom's sons, and freedom's altars spoil?
Great God! oh! by these iron shackled hands,
Ne'er shall our necks beneath their yokes be led!
Of despots such as these, shall Southern bands,
Ne'er own the mastery, till every heart is dead!
To arms! sons of the South! come, like a mountain flood.
March on! let every vale o'erflow with the invaders' blood.

Tremble, oh tyrants! and you, perfidious tools!
Of every race and party, long the scorn!
Tremble, ye base, ye parricidal fools,
The doom of treachery is already born!
All Southern men are heroes in the fray!
If fall they must, o'erpowered in the field,
Long as the race endures, each child, for aye,

Shall from his cradle strike the sounding shield !
 To arms ! sons of the South ! come, like a mountain flood,
 March on ! let every vale o'erflow with th' invaders' blood.

Sons of the South ! magnanimous in war,
 Strike, or withhold, as honor bids, your blows !
 Spare, if you will, these victims from afar,
 Who, ignorant of liberty, become your foes.
 But, for these bastards of a free born bed,
 These parasites, in freedom's arms caressed,
 These beasts, by sin and spoil, and rapine bred,
 Who dig for blood, deep in their mother's breast.
 To arms ! sons of the South ! come, like a mountain flood,
 March on ! let every vale o'erflow with th' invaders' blood.

Oh ! sacred love of country ! for the South !
 Come brave avengers ! rush to every field !
 Let cries of "Liberty !" from every mouth,
 Sound th' alarm, till the base traitors yield !
 Under our glorious flag, let victory
 Respond to freedom's call ! Wipe off the stain
 Of th' invaders' feet ! Dying, they will see
 Thy triumph, and the land redeemed again !
 To arms ! sons of the South ! come, like the mountain flood,
 March on ! let every vale o'erflow with th' invaders' blood.

THE BATTLE CALL.

BY V. E. W. (McCORD) VERNON.

Rise Southmen ! the day of your glory,
 The hour of your destiny's near—
 The fame of your chivalrous story

All nations are eager to hear.
Cold, cold, though the freezing hail rattles,
O'er corses enshrouded in snow;
Yet the God of your fathers' old battles
Now urges their children to go.

Come sons of the fair Louisiana !
Forsake the warm glow of your sky—
Unfurl to the free wind your banner,
The day of your destiny's nigh ;
The breath of the South wind is laden
With perfume of tropical flowers ;
Come forth ! for that beautiful Eden,
And shield from the spoiler your bowers.

Come Texas ! send forth your bold Rangers,
The heroes of battles untold—
Accustomed to trials and dangers,
Come ! stand by your rights as of old ;
The deeds of your chivalrous daring
Are writ on the Alamo's wall,
A record which ruin is sparing—
Come forth ! to your country's loud call.

Arkansas ! send forth your true Rifles,
Your sons all the bravest and best ;
The time has now past for the trifles
Of hunting and game in the West—
'Tis the voice of your country that calls you
Away from your wild forest home ;
And now whatsoever befalls you,
Sharp-Shooters of Arkansas, come !

O ! where are your hunters, Kentucky,
Who filled the whole world with their fame ?
The fates, in an hour so unlucky,

Have bidden your valor in shame.
Now, by the brave souls of your fathers,
That look from the portals of Heaven,
With blessings from lips of your mothers,
Come forth! and your chains shall be riven.

Hurrah! for the spirit of glory,
The sons of the "Volunteer State;"
There is many a battle field gory,
That tells of their chivalrous fate
Like spray on the tempest-stirred ocean,
They scatter'd the foe in his might;
Old Tennessee's soul is in motion,
Her banners are first in the fight.

Missouri lies fettered and groaning,
And crush'd by oppression and wrath;
O rise! from your desolate mourning,
And follow the foe in his path—
Nor mountains, nor rivers, impeding,
Oppression hath rolled its dark flood:—
The cry of your children unheeding—
The price of your freedom is blood!

Come brave Mississippi, to battle!
The point of your steel has been tried,
The sound of your musketry's rattle
Is heard by the Southman with pride—
It rose in the morn of your glory,
And down on the future shall set:—
The fame of your chivalrous story,
The Southman can never forget.

The SOLDIER who led forth your legions,
And answered his country's first call,
Away in those far Southern regions,

Now stands at the head of us all—
Above, his high valor outshining,
The glory of bloody old Mars,
The praise of a nation is twining
Our flag with its girdles and stars.

O Maryland! deep we deplore thee,
And weep at thy prison and chains;
But eye of the brave watches o'er thee,
While a spark of thy freedom remains.
Thou may'st bend as the storm rushes o'er thee,
And rock with the tyrant's dread shake;
O Maryland! deep we deplore thee!
Oppression may bend, but not break.

Fair land where my forefathers slumber,
A region of sanctified earth—
The deeds of the brave without number,
Illumine the land of my birth.
Proud Georgia! a sigh and a blessing,
Ere calling thy loved ones to go,
From the soil where the green sod is pressing
The dust of my fathers laid low—

And foremost thy banners were streaming;
And first, on Manassa's red plain,
The sword of old Georgia, there gleaming,
Hath cleft the invader in twain.
My country, I may not implore thee!
The brave have not fallen in vain;
Thy sons heard the warning before me,
And hasten to glory again.

Florida! thou region of flowers;
Rich land of the laurel and bay,
Though cradled in warn sunny bowers,
D*

Now hurry thy brave ones away.
Go, twine for thy struggling nation
A garland to wreath its scarr'd brow;
The south wind—a sweet inspiration,
To cheer thy young soldiers on now.

Rise up, in thy strength, Alabama!
An argosy sweeps o'er the sea;
Rush on to the battle's loud clamor,
Thy children were born to be free!
The fleet of the tyrant is mooring
Along on thy white sandy shore;
No longer their insults enduring,
Go forth to the conflict once more.

A luminous halo is shining
Around the old "Palmetto State;"
The bones of our PROPHET enshrining—
Her brave ones are never too late.
There first from the bonds of oppression
The Southman unloos'd the stronghold;—
There, first heard a nation's confession
In Sumter's loud thunderings told—

And thou too, Old North State, art ready!
And watching with sentinel eye;
The range of thy rifles is steady,
At sight of the foe to let fly.
Now come, with the courage of olden!
And firm by thy principles stand;
The cause, shall thy spirits embolden,
Though sons of a valiant old land!

Send forth, Arizona, thy trappers,
Though youngest and weakest of all;
Thy yeomen, thy miners, and choppers,

Must come to the battle's loud call.
Or, wherefore thy rich hidden treasure,
If tyrants must crush out the ore?
Forego now thy infantile pleasure,
And baptize thy birthright in gore!

Thou rigid old nurse of the nation,
Virginia! great mother of States,
Thy name yields a high inspiration!
To that which the fearless creates.
'Twas here in the grand Old Dominion
That Liberty fledged her young plume;
And waving aloft on its pinion,
The death-seal of tyranny's doom.

Old home of the heroes! whose ashes
Repose in thy sanctified dust,
Above them the infidel dashes,
Invading thine own hallowed trust.
O spirits of heroes immortal!—
Look down on the whole Southern host,
And see from the heaven-high portal
That Southmen stand true to their post.

Rise Southmen! the day of your glory,
The hour of your destiny's near—
The fame of your chivalrous story
All nations are eager to hear.
Cold, cold, though the freezing hail rattles,
O'er corses enshrouded in snow;
Yet the God of your fathers' old battles
Now urges their children to go.

THE GATHERING OF THE SOUTHERN VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—“*La Marseillaise.*”

Sons of the South! behold, the morning
God-like ascends his golden car,
And Freedom now, with trumpet warning,
Proclaims the approaching hour of war.
Proclaims the approaching hour of war.
Can you not hear the crash and rattle?
Can you not hear the roll of drums?
Brothers, he comes, the foe man comes,
The wild breeze brings the sound of battle.
To arms, and gather fast: your firm battalions form!
March on, march on, to meet yon hosts as whirlwinds meet
the storm!

We gather from Louisiana—
Kentucky chose us from her sons—
We rose from Georgia’s fair Savannah—
We come from volleying Moultrie’s guns.
We come from volleying Moultrie’s guns.
Brothers, all hail! we are Virginians,
Good men and brave; we hold you dear.
Sons of the South, you’re welcome here.
From all your Sovereign Dominions.
To arms, men of the South, your country shall be free!
March on, march on, each heart resolved for death or liberty.

Remember me, O friends, to-morrow,
If in your ranks I fall to-day.
With good report console their sorrow
At home the dear ones far away.
At home the dear ones far away.

But now no more:—the cannon's thunder,
And send their sulphur clouds on high,
Our flag flaps gaily in the sky,
Our hearts beat true its bright folds under.

To arms, men of the South, your country shall be free!
March on, march on, each heart resolved for death or liberty.

I left behind a father weeping—
And a mother poor and weak—
And I two babes, both sweetly sleeping—
And I my bride—we could not speak.
And I my bride—we could not speak.
And I left nothing: if I perish
Brothers, to-day, none will deplore.
Your hands. Of this we'll think no more
But of our country that we cherish.

To arms, men of the South, your country shall be free!
March on, march on, each heart resolved for death or liberty.

Our country guards our children's slumbers,
And every peaceful household shields.
We pause not then to count the numbers
We may meet on embattled fields.
We may meet on embattled fields.
Superior even in gentle kindness,
Strike down the armed warrior low,
But spare the weak and fallen foe;
Or youth deceived in generous blindness.

To arms, men of the South, your country shall be free!
March on, march on, each heart resolved for death or liberty.

When Freedom plumed her radiant pinion,
And soared to meet the western sun,
She chose our shore for her dominion,
And sought the home of WASHINGTON.
And sought the home of WASHINGTON.

Sons of the South! the dome of heaven
Shelters no land so fair as ours:
Against a world's assembled powers
We will defend what God hath given.

To arms, men of the South! your firm battalions form.
March on, march on, to meet yon hosts as whirlwinds meet
the storm!

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

VOLUNTEERED.

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And the summer sends kisses by beautiful May—
Oh! to see the rich treasures the Spring is bestowing,
And think—my boy WILLIE enlisted to-day.

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While ROBBY, the four year old, watched for the coming
Of father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my HARRY departed,
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;
And ROBBY grew weary of watching, and started
Alone on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year—and this afternoon sitting
At ROBBY's old window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting,
To recollect WILLIE is twenty to-day.

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning,
The sun making gold of his wreathed segar smoke,

I saw in his sweet eye and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke.

“Dear mother, you know how those Northmen are crowing,
They would trample the rights of the South in the dust;
The boys are all fire: and they wish I were going”—
He stopped, but his eyes said, “Oh, say if I must!”

I smiled on the boy, though my heart it seemed breaking;
My eyes filled with tears so I turned them away,
And answered him, “WILLIE, 'tis well you are waking—
Go act as your father would bid you to-day!”

I sit in the window, and see the flags flying,
And dreamily list to the roll of the drum,
And smother the pain in my heart that is lying,
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

I shall sit in the window when summer is lying
Out over the fields, and the honey-bee's hum
Lulls the rose at the porch from her tremulous sighing,
And watch for the face of my darling to come.

And if he should fall, his young life he has given
For Freedom's sweet sake—and, for me, I will pray
Once more with my HARRY and ROBBY in Heaven
To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

GONE TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY JOHN ANTROBUR.

The reaper has left the field,
The mower has left the plain,
And the reaper's hook, and the mower's scythe
Are changed to the sword again;
For the voice of a hundred years ago,
When Freedom struck her mightiest blow,
Thrills every heart and brain!

The wayside mill is still,
And the wheel drips all alone,
For the miller's brother and son and sire,
And the miller's self have gone;
And their wives and daughters tarrying still,
With smiles and tears about the mill,
Wave, wave their heroes on!

The grain is full and ripe,
And the harvest moon is nigh,
But the farmer's son is among the slain
And the father heard the cry,
And his ancient eyes flashed fires of old,
His hoary head rose strong and bold,
As wild he hurried by!

The corn is yet afield,
But many a stalk is red,
Yet not with the autumn-tassel stained,
But the blood of heroes shed,
And their blood cries out from heaps of slain,
Oh! brothers leave the sheaves of grain,
On to the fields of the dead!

By every quiet farm,
Whence father and son has gone,

The fairest daughters of the land,
Brave-hearted cheered us on,
With tender smiles that banish tears,
And words to thrill a soldier's cheers,
When bloody fields are won.

Scarcely the form of a man,
Was seen on the long highway,
But patriot age whose withered hands
Stretched feebly up to pray!
And children whose voices haunt us still,
Gathered on every knoll and hill,
Cheering us on our way!

Yonder, with feeble limbs,
A matron with silver hair,
Knelt trembling down a soldier's path,
And breathed to heaven a prayer.
With quivering lips, with streaming eyes,
Oh, God! preserve these gallant boys,
In battle be Thou there!

Oh, soldiers! such as these,
Like household memories come,
For a thousand prayers ascend to-day
From those we left at home.
For the red, red field to-night may be
Our couch, our grave—while victory
Shall shout above our tomb.

In battle's bloody hour,
These pictures shall arise
Of mothers, sisters, wives, and homes,
And red and streaming eyes;
And every arm shall stronger be,
For Home, for God, for Liberty,
And strike while Mercy dies!

(From the Macon Telegraph.)

ARE YOU READY.

Sons and brothers—near and far,
Have you heard the tones of war?
Seen the Southern rising star?

Are you ready?

Are you arming for the fight?
Are your shields and bucklers bright?
Will you brave them in your might?

Are you ready?

From the stern, relentless North,
Comes the peal of thunder forth;
We will meet them—nothing loth—

Are you ready?

They were brothers in the past,
But their friendship could not last—
Fling our banner to the blast!

Are you ready?

When the cannon's martial roar
Shakes our sunny Southern shore;
Will you death upon them pour?

Are you ready?

Nerve the stout and steady hand,
Let no daring Northern band
Come to desolate our land!

Are you ready?

To the "Border States" and all,
Southern freemen sternly call,
Will you still be held in thrall?

Are you ready?

From a thousand hills and plains,
Where the soul of freedom reigns
Come the loud and hearty strains,
WE ARE READY!

(From the Spartansburg Express.)

PRO ARIS ET FOCIS.

Song of the Spartan Riflemen.

Our bahner—the gift of the gentle and fair—
How proudly it floats in the morning air ;
From the spot where we plant it no Spartan will fly—
“*Pro aris et focis*”—we’ll conquer or die !

If the threads of coercion we hear from afar,
Shall swell in the breeze to the tempest of war,
The Rifles of Sparta will wave it on high,
“*Pro aris et focis*”—we’ll conquer or die !

“*Pro aris et focis*” our wātchword shall be ;
Our country—the home of the brave and the free—
Our God—the sole sovereign of earth and of sky—
“*Pro aris et focis*”—we’ll conquer or die !

The race to the swift does not always belong,
Nor victory perch on the side of the strong ;
But the battle is theirs who faithfully cry,
“*Pro aris et focis*”—we’ll conquer or die !

(From the Sunday Delta.)

“OLD BETSY.”

BY JOHN KILLUM.

Come with the rifle so long in your keeping
Clean the old gun up and hurry it forth ;
Better to die while “Old Betsy” is speaking,
Than live with arms folded the slave of the North.

Hear ye the yelp of the North-wolf resounding,
Scenting the blood of the warm-hearted South ;
Quick ! or his villainous feet will be bounding
Where the gore of our maidens may drip from his
mouth.

Oft in the wild wood “Old Bess” has relieved you,
When the fierce bear was cut down in his track—
If at that moment she never deceived you,
Trust her to-day with this ravenous pack.

Then come with the rifle so long in your keeping,
Clean the old girl up and hurry her forth ;
Better to die while “Old Betsy” is speaking,
Than live with arms folded the slave of the North.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

THE SPIRIT OF '76--THE OLD RIFLEMAN.

BY FRANK TICKNOR.

Now bring me out my buckskin suit !

My pouch and powder too !

We'll see if seventy-six can shoot

As sixteen used to do.

Old Bess ! we've kept our barrels bright !

Our trigger quick and true !

As far, if not as *fine* a sight,

As long ago, we drew !

And pick we out a trusty flint !

A real white and blue,

Perhaps 'twill win the *other* tint,

Before the hunt is through !

Give boys your brass percussion caps !

Old "shut-pan" suits us well !

There's something in the *sparks* ; perhaps

There's something in the smell !

We've seen the red-coat Briton bleed !

The red-skin Indian, too !

We never thought to draw a bead

On Yankee-doodle-doo !

But, Bessie ! bless your dear old heart !

Those days are mostly done ;

And now we must revive the art

Of shooting on the run !

E*

If Doodle must be meddling, why,
 There's only this to do ;
 Select the black spot in his eye
 And let the day-light through !

And if he doesn't like the way
 That Bess presents the view,
 He'll maybe, change his mind and stay
 Where the good Doodles do !

Where LINCOLN lives. The man, you know,
 Who kissed the Testament ;
 To keep the Constitution ? No !
To keep the Government !

We'll hunt for LINCOLN, Bess ! old tool,
 And take him half and half ;
 We'll aim to *hit* him, if a fool,
 And *miss* him if a calf !

We'll teach these shot-gun boys the tricks,
 By which a war is won ;
 Especially how seventy-six
 Took tories on the run !

(From the Columbus Times.)

THE SPIRIT OF '60.

Sons of the South arise,
 Your insulted country cries,
 To arms ! to arms !
 Ho ! round her standard rally,
 From mountain steep to valley
 Sound war's alarms.

Up, men of metal brave,
 Thy heroines will weave
 Banners for thee.
 Beneath them take thy stand,
 Brothers of a mighty band,
 For liberty !

Let Southern hearts unite,
 In common cause make fight,
 'Gainst Southern foes !
 In your councils patriots meet
 The old spirit of '76,
 That mid thee glows.

(From the Southern Monthly.)

OUR FAITH IN '61.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

That governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.—*Declaration of Independence, July 4, '76.*

Not yet one hundred years have flown
 Since, on this very spot,
 The subjects of a Sovereign throne—
 Liege-masters of their lot,
 This high decree sped o'er the sea,
 From council-board and tent,
 “No earthly power can rule the free
 But by their own consent !”

For this they fought as Saxons fight,
On bloody fields and long—
Themselves the champions of the right,
And judges of the wrong ;
For this their stainless knighthood wore
The branded rebel's name,
Until the starry cross they bore
Set all the skies aflame !

And States co-equal and distinct
Outshone the Western sun,
But one great charter interlinked—
Not blended into one ;
Whose graven key that high decree
The grand inscription lent,
“No earthly power can rule the free
But by their own consent !”

Oh, sordid age ! oh, ruthless rage !
Oh, sacrilegious wrong !
A deed to blast the record-page,
And snap the strings of song :
In that great charter's name, a band
By grovelling greed enticed,
Whose warrant is the grasping hand
Of creeds without a Christ !

States that have trampled every pledge
Its crystal code contains,
Now give their swords a keener edge
To harness it with chains—
To make a bond of brotherhood
The sanction and the seal,
By which to arm a rabble brood
With fratricidal steel

Who, conscious that their cause is black,
In puling prose and rhyme,
Talk hatefully of love and tack
Hypocrisy to crime :
Who smile and sneak, then "heave the gorge"
Or impotently frown ;
And call us "rebels" with King George
As if they wore his crown !

Most venal of a venal race,
Who think you cheat the sky
With every pharisaic face
And simulated lie ;
Round Freedom's lair, with weapons bare,
We greet the light divine ,
Of those who throned the goddess there,
And yet inspire the shrine !

Our loved ones' graves are at our feet,
Their homesteads at our back—
No belted Southron can retreat
With women on his track :
Peal, bannered host, the proud decree
Which from your fathers went,
"No earthly power can rule the free
But by their own consent!"

(From the Georgia Crusader.)

SEVENTY-SIX AND SIXTY-ONE.

BY JOHN W. OVERALL.

Ye spirits of the glorious dead !
Ye watchers in the sky !
Who sought the patriot's crimson bed
With holy trust and high—
Come lend your inspiration now,
Come fire each Southern son,
Who nobly fights, for freemen's rights,
And shouts for sixty-one.

Come teach them how on hill, in glade,
Quick leaping from your side,
The lightning flash of sabres made
A red and flowing tide ;
How well ye fought, how bravely fell,
Beneath our burning sun,
And let the lyre, in strains of fire,
So speak of sixty-one.

There's many a grave in all the land,
And many a crucifix,
Which tell how that heroic band
Stood firm in seventy-six—
Ye heroes of the deathless past,
Your glorious race is run,
But from your dust, springs freemen's trust,
And blows for sixty-one.

We build our altars where you lie
On many a verdant sod,

With sabres pointing to the sky
 And sanctified of God—
 The smoke shall rise from every pile,
 Till freedom's fight is done,
 And every mouth throughout the South,
 Shall shout for sixty-one.

(From the Charleston Courier.)

ETHNOGENESIS.

Ode on Occasion of the Meeting of the Southern Congress.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

I.

Hath not the morning dawned with added light ?
 And will not evening call another star
 Out of the infinite regions of the night,
 To mark this day in heaven ? At last, we are
 A nation among nations ; and the world
 Shall soon behold in many a distant part
 Another flag unfurled !

Now, come what may, whose favor need we court ?
 And, under God, whose thunder need we fear ?

 Thank Him who placed us here
 Beneath so kind a sky—the very sun
 Takes part with us ; and on our errands run
 All breezes of the ocean ; dew and rain
 Do noiseless battle for us ; and the year,
 And all the gentle daughters in her train,
 March in our ranks, and in our service wield
 Long spears of golden grain !

A yellow blossom as her fairy shield
June flings our azure banner to the wind,
While in the order of their birth
Her sisters pass, and many an ample field
Grows white beneath their steps, till now, behold
Its endless sheets unfold
THE SNOW OF SOUTHERN SUMMERS! Let the earth
Rejoice!—beneath those fleeces soft and warm
Our happy land shall sleep
In a repose as deep,
As if we lay intrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and Arctic storm!

II.

And what, if mad with wrongs themselves have wrought,
In their own treachery caught,
By their own fears made bold,
And leagued with him of old,
Who long since in the limits of the North
Set up his evil throne, and warred with God—
What if, both mad and blinded in their rage,
Our foes should fling us down their mortal gage,
And with a hostile step profane our sod!
We shall not shrink, my brothers, but go forth
To meet them, marshalled by the Lord of Hosts,
And overshadowed by the mighty ghosts
Of Moultrie and of Eutaw—who shall foil
Auxiliars such as these? Nor these alone,
But every stock and stone
Shall help us; but the very soil,
And all the generous wealth it gives to toil,
And all for which we love our noble land,
Shall fight beside, and through us, sea and strand,
The heart of woman, and her hand,
Tree, fruit, and flower, and every influence,
Gentle or grave or grand.
The winds in our defence

Shall seem to blow: to us the hills shall lend
 Their firmness and their calm;
 And in our stiffened sinews we shall blend
 The strength of pine and palm!

III.

Look where we will, we cannot find a ground
 For any mournful song:
 Call up the clashing elements around,
 And test the right and wrong!

On one side, pledges broken, creeds that lie,
 Religion sunk in vague philosophy,
 Empty professions, pharisaic leaven,
 Souls that would sell their birthright in the sky
 Philanthropists who pass the beggar by,
 And laws which controvert the laws of Heaven
 And, on the other—first, a righteous cause!

Then, honor without flaws,
 Truth, Bible reverence, charitable wealth,
 And for the poor and humble, laws which give,
 Not the mean right to buy the right to live,

But life, and home, and health.
 To doubt the issue were distrust in God!
 If in his Providence he hath decreed
 That to the peace for which we pray,
 Through the Red Sea of War must lie our way,
 Doubt not, O brothers, we shall find at need
 A Moses with his rod!

IV.

But let our fears—if fears we have—be still,
 And turn us to the future! Could we climb
 Some Alp in thought, and view the coming time,
 We should indeed behold a sight to fill

Our eyes with happy tears!
 Not for the glories which a hundred years
 Shall bring us; not for lands from sea to sea,
 And wealth, and power, and peace, though these shall be;

But for the distant peoples we shall bless,
And the hushed murmurs of a world's distress :
For, to give food and clothing to the poor,
 The whole sad planet o'er,
And save from crime its humblest human door,
Our mission is ! The hour is not yet ripe
When all shall see it, but behold the type
Of what we are and shall be to the world,
In our own grand and genial Gulf Stream furled,
Which through the vast and colder ocean pours
Its waters, so that far-off Arctic shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas !

INDEPENDENCE HYMN.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

True sons of the South, from whose militant sires
 The steel-crested charter of Liberty sprung,
In whose bosoms are fed the heroical fires
 That burst when the tocsin of Tyranny rung,

Chorus :

Waft the soul-stirring strains, over mountains and plains,
 Till the four winds shall carry your foes this reply :
That you dare, as your fathers did, trample their chains,
 And like freemen to live, or like freemen to die !

Forty years of exaction have whetted the blade,
 At length, from the long-rusted scabbard of yore,
Unsheathed above cohorts compactly arrayed,
 From the brow of the hills to the surf-beaten shore.

Waft the soul-stirring strains, &c.

Our ramparts are souls which instinctively turn
To their homes as the sensitive steel to the star;
Where the yearnings of country consumingly burn—
A pillar of flame to protect it in war!

Waft the soul-stirring strains, &c.

They have called us their brothers—and stabbed as they
spoke;
They have pillaged our people and commerce and toil;
And, with claspings fraternal, would rivet a yoke
More galling than death on our dear, native soil:
Waft the soul-stirring strains, &c.

The cockades we wear and the colors we wave,
Are the work of our mothers, our daughters, and wives;
We will rally, with both, to the brink of the grave,
And give up their rights when we give up our lives:
Waft the soul-stirring strains, &c.

Then gather, men, gather! from hill-side and vale—
From the green-rolling prairie-lands down to the sea;
As strong to repel as the rush of the gale,
And firm to resist as the oak-rooted tree:
Waft the soul-stirring strains, &c.

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

ARISE.

BY C. G. POYNAS.

Carolinians! who inherit
Blood which flowed in patriot veins?
Rouse ye from lethargic slumber!
Rouse and fling away your chains!

From the mountain to the seaboard,
Let the cry be—Up! Arise!—
Throw our pure Palmetto banner
Proudly upward to the skies.

Fling it out! its Lone Star beaming
Brightly to the Nation's gaze—
Lo! another star arises!—
Quickly—proudly *it* emblaze!—
Yet another! Bid it welcome
With a hearty “three times three;”
Send it forth, on boom of cannon,
Southern men will *dare be free*.

Faster than the cross of battle
Summoned rude Clan Alpine's host,
Flash the news from sea to mountain—
Back from mountain to the coast!
On the lightning's wing it fleeth—
Scares the Eagle in his flight,
As his keen eye sees arising
Glory, yet shall daze his sight!

Cease the triumph—days of darkness
Loom upon us from afar:
Can a woman's voice for battle
Ring the fatal note of war?
Yes—when we have borne aggression
Till submission is disgrace,
Southern women call for *action*—
Ready would the danger face!

Yes, in many a matron's bosom
Burns the Spartan spirit now;
From the maiden's eye its flashes,
Glows upon her snowy brow:

E'en our infants in their prattle,
 Urge us on to *risk our all*—
 "Would we leave them, as a blessing,
 The oppressor's hateful thrall!"

No!—Then up, true-hearted Southrons,
 Like bold "giants nerved by wine;"
 Never fear! The cause is holy—
 It is sacred—yea, Divine!
 For the Lord of Hosts is with us—
 It is *He* has cast our lot;
 Blest our homes—from lordly mansion
 To the humblest negro cot.
 God of Battles! hear our cry—
 Give us nerve to *do or die!*

(From the Charleston Courier.)

SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY WILLIE LIGHTHEART.

My land, my Carolina, dear!
 My warm, bright sunny home!
 The brightest star of all the rest,
 That on our banner shone;
 The sunshine soonest gilds thy shores,
 And lingers longest there;
 The heavens are bluer o'er thy hills,
 Than fair Italia's are!

Oh, land of flowers! thy golden years,
 So winterless and fair,
 F*

Are full of verdure, light and song,
Beauty and balmy air !
There forest trees their branches lift
Rejoicingly to heav'n,
And catch the earliest breath of Spring,
That God to earth hath given.

My land, my beautiful, my home !
Whithersoe'er I look,
Poetic beauties bubble up
From every stream and brook ;
And wheresoe'er the feet may tread,
In highland or in plain,
We find a zone of flow'ry vine
Woven 'round thy name.

In shady groves and avenues,
Where rev'rend oaks look down,
With pensive eyes, through mossy veils,
Upon the guests to frown :
E'en there fair Flora strews her gems
With lavish, generous hand,
And all the children of the sun
Come forth at her command.

Fair land ! above the flower and song,
The music and the light,
Which thou hast whisper'd to our ears
And given to our sight—
Are thy fair, honored daughters, far—
As beautiful as love,
And pure as winter's snows afar,
Where trav'lers never rove.

There are no faces half so fair,
No forms so faultless live !

God hath not for another land
So much of heaven to give !
But, oh ! the hearts—thy daughters' hearts !
How beautiful are they !
Where Virtue makes her dwelling place,
And there asserts her sway.

Thy sons—proud Carolina shout !
And glory in thy might !
Thousands of hearts, as true as steel,
Are eager for the fight.
They'll stand around thy beauteous form,
And build their bulwarks there,
And win a laurel for thy brow,
Or die upon thy bier !

(From the New Orleans Sunday Delta.)

THE PELICAN FLAG.

Fling to the Southern wind
The banner with its type of motherhood ;
Home, hearth, and friends within its folds we bind
In one strong, mighty cord of brotherhood.

Waft it! O Southern breeze!
To the deep measure of true patriot songs,
And bid our sunny land and surging seas
Swell the war chorus of a people's wrongs.

Kiss it, O Southern sun !
With the life-kiss which thrilled the desert stone,
And let prophetic murmurs from it won,
Nerve brave, high souls to stern, heroic tone.

Guard it, O Southern heart !

As the dear love-light of each home and hearth ;
A mystic strength the ruby drops impart
To him who battles for his natal earth.

From deepest trance we rise ;

No need to ask the watchman of the night,
The lurid gleam within yon eastern skies
Is no true harbinger of morning light !

Yet bright enough to mark

Records of broken trust, and traitorous deed,
To watch the dragon's teeth, sown thro' the dark—
To meet the sprouting of the cursed seed.

And with no craven fears,

But in the calm, proud majesty of right—
No dastard brood the Southern mother rears—
To quail before the Hydra in its might.

Fling the loved banner forth

To the bright baptism of the sun and sky ;
Waft in its folds the deep and solemn oath—
To guard our hearths, or for their warm light die.

O God of battles, hear !

In this enforced, most unrighteous strife,
Raise up some leader who, with deeds of cheer,
Shall win our Pelican's prouder life—

Win it 'midst war's alarms,

Where the rich heart-tide pours like summer rain,
High o'er the dying sighs—the clang of arms—
Those patriot sighs shall breathe one deep amen !

And blest by woman's prayers,

And by men's vows, and children's hopeful love,
Float forth, O banner, till our mother wears
The cloudless radiance of her sky above !

(From the New Orleans Delta.)

FORT SUMTER.

BY H.

Ask the Fort—let peace prevail,
Claim the Fort—but yet forbear :
 But if words of kindness fail,
 Then cry rescue ! and—prepare :
 Feel no anger—give the hand ;
 Fling no menace—no retort ;
 If the foe relentless stand,
 Carolina ! *take* the Fort !

Sumter—name of old renown ;
 Sumter ! spirit ! guard your own ;
 Be thou still, chivalric town !
 Let the seeds of wrong be sown ;
 People ! strike—but not till *when*
 Right lies in that sole resort—
 Be ye armed—but only then,
 Carolina ! *take* the Fort.

Take the Fort—but yet beware ;
 Strike not at an idiot's call,
 'Tis not who the most shall dare ;
 But 'tis who shall dare at all :
 If all kindness, spurned, shall fail :
 If all argument fall short ;
 Then, though Heaven itself grow pale,
 Carolina ! *take* the Fort.

G

Take the Fort—but not till they,
 Baser than even kings or slaves—
 Men in place and men in pay,
 Dare be idiots or be knaves ;
 Peace ! then hide thee, shrunk and pale—
 Hide in corridor or court ;
 Then, at last, let *blood* prevail—
 Carolina ! *take* the Fort.

(From the Charleston Courier.)

OLD MOULTRIE.

Dedicated to Col. RIPLEY..

BY C. G. POYNAS.

The splendor falls on bannered walls
 Of ancient Moultrie, great in story ;
 And flushes now his scar-seamed brow
 With rays of golden glory !
 Great in his old renown :
 Great in the honor thrown
 Around him by the foe,
 Had sworn to lay him low !

The glory falls—historic walls
 Too weak to cover foes insulting,
 Became a tower—a sheltering bower—
 A theme of joy exulting.
 God, merciful and great,
 Preserved the high estate
 Of Moultrie, by His power,
 Through the fierce battle hour.

The splendor fell—his banners swell
Majestic forth to catch the shower
Our own loved *blue* receives anew
A rich immortal dower !
Adown the triple bars
Of its companion, spars
Of golden glory stream
On seven-rayed circlet beam.

The glory falls—but not on walls
Of Sumter, deemed *the post of duty* ;
A brilliant sphere, it circles clear
The harbor in its beauty ;
Holding in its embrace
The city's queenly grace ;
Stern battery and tower
Of manly strength and power.

But brightest falls on Moultrie's walls,
Forever there to rest in glory,
A hallowed light on buttress height—
O ! fort, beloved and hoary !
Rest *there*—and tell that *faith*
Shall *never* suffer scath ;
Rest there—and glow afar,
Hope's ever burning star !

NOTE.—All lovers of poetry will know in whose liquid gold I have dipped my brush to illumine the picture.

FORTS MORRIS AND MOULTRIE.

Hark, the wind-storm how it rushes!

List! methinks I hear the strain
Of wild music it awak'neth,

As it sweeps along the main!
Rustling in the old Palmettos—
Stirs it not each patriot breast,
In the Camp of proud Fort Morris,
On this day of holy rest?

Day of Rest in the good City,—
But *down there*, along the strand,
Active work—and keen-eyed watching
For the brave, heroic band,
To whom God has given honor,
In permitting them to be
First to send the shot for Freedom
Booming o'er the foaming sea!

Soon Old Moultrie caught the signal—
Fort beloved of Southern heart!
And tho' Sumter frowned defiant,
With loud war-note took her part;
And *those brave men ne'er faltered*,
Tho' the false and craven foe
Late had sworn "if once they opened,
He would lay the Fortress low!"

'Tis a tale to tell our children,
How we eager stood to hear
The first gun of Freedom sounding
Grandly, proudly on the ear!

When again our batteries open
Seaward on the approaching foe,
Their returning shot *may* bring us
Desolation, anguish, woe.

Let your loved ones—wives and mothers,
Daughters, sisters, sweethearts stand
Ready to cheer on to glory
Our devoted, patriot band—
Not a heart with fear is quailing;
Not an eye but glows with pride—
Only those are sad whose kindred
Still at home are forced to bide.

O, true-hearted, noble brother,
Now, for thee and all the brave,
Will I kneel in suppliancy lowly,
To the *One* who died to save:
May His angels camp around ye,
May His shield be o'er ye thrown,
And the glory of his presence
All encircle as a zone.

Should ye fall, a band of martyrs,
In the mighty cause of truth,
May the seal of the Redemption
Stamp ye for eternal youth!
For *I* know the cause is *holy*,
Not a doubt is in my soul;
And a hero is each soldier
On our *Sacred Muster Roll*!

(From the Charleston Courier.)

A CHRONICLE OF FORT SUMTER.

Night lingered over quiet shore and bay
In grim repose where fort and battery lay ;
All silent yet, though many an anxious ear
Of wife or mother's love is strained to hear ;
All darkness yet, but on the Eastern sky
The first gray dawn is watched by many an eye :
It comes, and with it come from Johnson's shore
The signal flash, the mortar's sullen roar.
Through waning shadows of departing night,
The shell describes its graceful curve of light—
A shooting star, and bursting ere it falls
Shivers in fragments over Sumter's walls :
Then roars the battle's voice, on every hand,
Fort calls to fort, and patriot band to band,
From side to side redoubling thunders swell
Their peals with shot on shot and shell on shell.

Where genius, toil, and practised art allied,
Their iron rampart built on Morris's le,
First at the signal flash its watchful batt'ries pour
Their rolling echoes over sea and shore :
Of heart where more than youthful ardor glows,
With long locks whitened by December's snows,
There RUFFIN, bold Virginia's son, desires
His hand should wake the battery's slumbering fires.
Courteous as gallant the Palmettos yield
The brave old man these honors of the field ;
And through the conflicts deafening peal on peal
Toils the stern veteran with unflinching zeal.
Across the bay continuous flashes rise,
To booming shell the hissing shot replies ;
Mortar and ponderous cannon hurl afar,

With steadfast aim, the thunderbolts of war.
First in the circle, faithful to his fame,
Old Moultrie adds new lustre to his name ;
There RIPLEY, trained in every warlike art,
Enacts at once the chief's, the soldier's part ;
Restrains the rash, to ardor fires the slow,
Stript to the work directs each deadly blow,
And drives his red-hot tempest on the foe.

Midway the fires between, across the tide,
No answering gun is heard on Sumter's side ;
In stern repose the silent fortress lies,
And seems to scorn assailing enemies.
At last the fierce volcanic fires disclose
Their waking wrath, and burst upon his foes :
To left, to right, the curling smoke is seen,
White clouds of smoke, with lightning flame between.
Hour after hour, a lingering April day,
Unweariedly his deep-toned batteries play,
Another April sun the conflict sees,
Still floats the banner on the Western breeze ;
But ere the dewy hours of morn expire,
Rings out the city's cry—"the fort's on fire!"
O'er the tall rampart, dark'ning, flashing, came
Black clouds of smoke and tongues of pointed flame,
In heaps the heated shells explode, on high
Leap up huge sulphurous columns to the sky,
While lighter jets of vapor tell
Increasing showers rain on of shot and shell. .

Yet, dauntlessly, the fortress renewed
His hopeless toil, with spirit unsubdued,
Through rolling clouds his voice of battle spoke,
Unsilenced still in flame and reeking smoke,
His foes a kindred courage recognize,
And cheer each adverse bullet as it flies.

At last it sinks! The flag that day by day
Had waved its proud defiance o'er the bay,
Before old Moultrie's scathing lightning falls,
And the white flag is shown on Sumter's walls.

But ere 'twas seen, thro' smouldering fire and smoke,
While the hot tempest yet on Sumter broke,
With pity moved for brave and suffering foes,
To offer succor generous WIGFALL goes
In frail and leaky skiff across the tide,
With YOUNG, he dares away to Sumter's side;
In vain around the storm of battle roared,
His flag, a handkerchief, the staff, his sword,
He gains the rocky Fortress, climbs the gate,
And saves its inmates from impending fate;
The lightnings cease, the thunder stills its roar,
And the long agony of war is o'er.

Then where the city myriads stood, a cry
Broke forth, a people's shout of ecstasy;
Where mothers prayed for every precious life,
Where wives with fear, yet firmly, watched the strife,
Where sterner spirits gazed with patriots pride,
And longed to hasten to the soldier's side,
Rose murmured thanks for every mercy given,
And throbbed a people's grateful heart to Heaven.

(From the Charleston Courier.)

SUMTER--A BALLAD OF 1861.

BY E. O. MURDEN.

'Twas on the twelfth of April,
Before the break of day,
We heard the guns of Moultrie
Give signal for the fray.

Anon across the waters
There boomed the answering gun,
From North and South came flash on flash,
The battle had begun.

The mortars belched their deadly food
And spiteful whiz'd the balls,
A fearful storm of iron hailed
On Sumter's doomed walls.

We watched the meteor flight of shell,
And saw the lightning flash—
Saw where each fiery missile fell,
And heard the sullen crash.

The morn was dark and cloudy,
Yet 'till the sun arose,
No answer to our gallant boys
Came booming from our foes.

Then through the dark and murky clouds
The morning sunlight came,
And forth from Sumter's frowning walls
Burst sudden sheets of flame.

G*

Then shot and shell flew thick and fast,
The war-dogs howling spoke,
And thundering came their angry roar,
Through wreathing clouds of smoke.

Again to fight for liberty,
Our gallant sons had come,
They smiled when came the bugle call,
And laughed when tapped the drum.

From cotton and from corn-field,
From desk and forum, too,
From work-bench and from anvil, came
Our gallant boys and true!

A hireling band had come to awe,
Our chains to rivet fast;
Yon lofty pile scowls on our homes,
Seaward the hostile mast.

But gallant freemen man our guns—
No mercenary host
Who barter for their honor's price,
And of their baseness boast.

Now came our stately matrons,
And maidens, too, by scores;
Oh! Carolina's beauty shone
Like love-lights on her shores.

See yonder, anxious gazing,
Alone a matron stands,
The tear drop glistening on each lid,
And tightly clasped her hands.

For there, exposed to deadly fire,
Her husband and her son—

“Father,” she spoke, and Heavenward look’d,
“Father, thy will be done.”

See yonder group of maidens,
No joyous laughter now,
For cares lie heavy on each heart,
And cloud each anxious brow :

For brothers dear and lovers fond,
Are there amid the strife ;
Tearful the sister’s anxious gaze—
Pallid the promised wife.

Yet breathed no heart one thought of fear,
Prompt at their country’s call,
They yielded forth their dearest hopes,
And gave to honor all !

Now comes a message from below—
Oh! quick the tidings tell—
“At Moultrie and Fort Johnson, too,
And Morris’, all are well !”

Then mark the joyous brightning ;
See how each bosom swells ;
That friends and loved ones all are safe,
Each to the other tells.

All day the shot flew thick and fast,
All night the cannon roared,
While wreathed in smoke stern Sumter stood,
And vengeful answer pour’d.

Again the sun rose, bright and clear,
Twas on the thirteenth day,
While, lo ! at prudent distance moored,
Five hostile vessels lay.

With choicest Abolition crews—
The bravest of *their* brave—
They'd come to pull our Crescent down
And dig Secession's grave.

“See, see, how Sumter's banner trails,
They're signaling for aid.
See you no boats of armed men ?
Is yet no movement made ?”

Now densest smoke and lurid flames
Burst out o'er Sumter's walls ;
“The Fort's on fire,” is the cry,
Again for aid he calls.

See you no boats or vessels yet ?
Dare they not risk *one* shot
To make report grandiloquent
Of aid they rendered not ?

Nor boat, nor vessel, leaves the fleet,
“Let the old Major burn,”
We'll boast of what we would have done,
If but—on our return.

Go back, go back, ye cravens ;
Go back the way ye came ;
Ye gallant, *would-be*, men-of-war,
Go ! to your country's shame.

’Mid fiery storm of shot and shell,
’Mid smoke and roaring flame,
See how Kentucky's gallant son
Does honor to her name !

See how he answers gun for gun—
Hurrah ! his flag is down !

The white! the white! Oh see it wave!
Is echoed all around.

Now ring the bells a joyous peal,
And rend with shouts the air,
We've torn the hated banner down,
And placed the Crescent there.

All honor to our gallant boys,
Bring forth the roll of fame,
And there in glowing lines inscribe
Each patriot hero's name.

Spread, spread, the tidings far and wide,
Ye winds take up the cry,
"Our soil's redeemed from hateful yoke,
We'll keep it pure or die."

(From the N. O. Catholic Standard.)

THE LADY CAROLINE'S TEA PARTY.

"The fair young daughter of the proud old *Huguenots*," who was so badly treated by her long-faced Northern lord, has at last been compelled, with the approval of Mother Church, to separate herself and her faithful retainers from him and his sordid vassals; and now, in the first flush and freedom of her liberty, she has asked to her board her lovely sisters. Florida, Mississippi, and Alabama have already accepted the invitation, and their examples will soon be followed by Georgia and Louisiana. The queenly Virginia will also be present, and Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. What a goodly company! In the meantime, the Lady Caroline's chivalric story has been sung by one of the sweetest of the bards who have drawn their inspiration from the Southern Cross. This charming lay, by the gifted HERMINE, should be heard in ringing melody throughout "the broad rich lands" of the Lady Caroline—through "her mountains and her valleys, and by her borders on the sea." So be it

THE LADY CAROLINE.

BY HERMINE.

Long years ago he wooed her—she was shy of being won—
Sure upon haughtier maiden ne'er shone the golden sun ;
She was a fair young daughter of the proud old *Huguenots*,
Who never left their friends in need, and never spared their
foes !

But at last she yielded proud consent to be his bride,
And with her true allegiance, all her broad, rich land beside ;
Her mountains and her valleys, her borders on the sea,
Her heart's devoted homage and her young life's liberty.
Then bowed the neck, though haughtily, that never bowed
before,

Willing to wear, in honor, love's yoke for evermore.
Royally he crowned her, with a crown of shining stars,
Robed her in a vesture, crimson, crossed with silver bars,
Endowed her with his riches, wrote her name upon his heart,
His throughout all ages, whom death alone might part !
Soon she became the mother of the noblest sons and
daughters

That ever raised their father's name high up on Honor's
altars :

They bore their mother's banner in glory on the field,
And never yet did son of hers to any conqueror yield,
Save Death, who cut them down as reapers cut the flowers,
To bear them proudly in his arms to brighter realms than
ours.

For years the Lady Caroline has proved a faithful wife
And yielded all unto her lord, save honor and her life.
This last is his whenever he may claim the sacrifice,
But her honor is her own—above all guerdon and all price !
And now her lord, imperious, claims more than she may
give ;
'Tis better far to die, than, dishonored, thus to live—

For now he dares to threaten, where once he bent his knee;
Is this the lady's recompense for years of loyalty!
Well may the haughty matron, while she lifts her heart in
prayer,
A glittering dagger clasp, and bid her lord beware!
She may reclaim her dower, take back her lands and gold,
And be once more the queenly daughter of these sires of old.
Her children will not see her—as the years are coming on—
Shorn of her glory, for disgrace to light upon,
And should her loved voice bid them, will point each winged
dart,
Although in bitterest agony, against their father's heart!
She may be widowed in the struggle—made poor and
desolate,
But her children's love will linger, whatever be her fate,
And though she lose her beauty, and her lord ne'er smile
again,
The glory of her suffering will sanctify the pain,
And in her robes of morning will she shine as proudly fair
As 'neath the azure mantle, with the stars upon her hair.

(From the Charleston Courier.)

CAROLINA.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

I.

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm?
Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle-hymn,
Carolina!

II.

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill;
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee thro' the people's heart,
Carolina!

Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields, and fens, and meres
Shall bristle, like thy palm, with spears.
Carolina!

III.

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How RUTLEDGE ruled and LAURENS died,
Carolina!

Cry till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall, like MARION's bugle blast,
Reëchoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina !

IV.

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way thro' sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina !

And now it deepens ! slow and grand
It swells, as rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon the strand,
Carolina !

Shout ! let it reach the startled Huns !
And roar with all thy festal guns !
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina !

V.

They will not wait to hear thee call ;
From Sachem's head to Sumter's wall,
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina !

No ! thou hast not a stain, they say ;
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina !

Thy skirts, indeed, the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart ;
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina !

VI.

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall,
Ten times ten thousand men must fall ;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina !

When by thy bier in mournful throngs,
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,
Carolina !

From thy dead breast by ruffians trod,
No helpless child shall look to God ;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina !

VII.

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina !

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze,
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas !
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina !

Fling down the gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns ;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina !

SAVANNAH.

Thou hast not drooped thy stately head,
 Thy woes a wondrous beauty shed !
 Not like a lamb to slaughter led,
 But with the lion's monarch tread,
 Thou comest to thy battle-bed,

Savannah ! oh, Savannah !

Thine arm of flesh is girded strong ;
 The blue veins swell beneath thy wrong ;
 To thee, the triple cords belong,
 Of woe, and death, and shameless wrong ;
 And spirit vaunted long, *too* long !

Savannah ! oh, Savannah !

No blood-stains spot thy forehead fair,
 Only the martyr's blood is there ;
 It gleams upon thy bosom bier,
 It moves thy deep, deep soul to prayer,
 And tunes a dirge for thy sad ear,

Savannah ! oh, Savannah !

Thy clean, white hand is opened wide
 For weal or woe, thou Freedom Bride !
 The sword-sheath sparkles at thy side,
 Thy plighted troth, whate'er betide,
 Thou hast but Freedom for thy guide,

Savannah ! oh, Savannah !

What tho' the heavy storm cloud lowers—
 Still at thy feet the old oak towers ;
 Still fragrant are thy jessamine bowers,
 And things of beauty, love, and flowers
 Are smiling o'er this land of ours,

My sunny home, Savannah !

There is no film before thy sight—
 Thou seest woe, and death, and night—
 And blood upon thy banner bright ;
 But in thy full wrath's kindled might,
 What carest *thou* for woe or night ?

My rebel home, Savannah !

Come—for the crown is on thy head !
 Thy woes a wond'rous beauty shed,
 Not like a lamb to slaughter led,
 But with the lion's monarch tread,
 Oh ! come unto thy battle-bed,

Savannah ! oh, Savannah !

(From the Nashville Patriot.)

THE SOUTHERN PLEIADES.

BY LAURA LORRIMER.

When first our Southern flag arose,
 Beside the heaving sea,
 It bore upon its silken folds
 A green Palmetto tree.
 All honor to that banner brave,
 It roused the blood of yore,
 And nerved the arm of Southern men
 For valiant deeds once more.

When storm clouds darkened o'er our sky,
 That star, the first of seven,
 Shone out amid the mist and gloom,
 To light our country's Heaven.
 The glorious seven ! long may their flag
 Wave proudly on the breeze ;
 Long may they burn on fame's broad sky—
 The Southern Pleiades !

THE LONE STAR FLAG.

On the Secession of Texas.

BY H. L. FLASH.

Up with the Lone Star banner !
Its hues are still as bright
As when its glories braved the breeze
At San Jacinto's fight
Its fluttering folds in triumph waved
O'er many a gory brow :
The freedom that was conquered then,
Will not be yielded now.

The honor of that Lone Star flag
That floats the blue above,
Is held as dear by Texan hearts
As that of her they love ;
And not a stain shall dim its hues,
While yet a man remains
To save this flower-girdled land
From ignominious chains.

That banner, with the single star,
Is Freedom's favored sign,
Beneath its unpolluted folds
Her purest glories shine ;
And in the whirlwind and the storm,
Amid the crash and jar,
Her brightest hope still rests upon
That solitary star.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE, M. D.

When the bloody and perfidious usurper called forth
His minions and tools—to the shame of the North !
And they swarmed to our borders with insolent tread,
Oppressing the living, insulting the dead ;
Virginia awoke from her dream of repose
And rallied her children to grapple her foes ;
United they sprang every man to his gun,
And her glorious motto blazed out like a sun,

Sic Semper Tyrannis !

When the soil of Virginia was drenched with her blood,
And her brave sisters 'round her all dauntlessly stood,
When her children fell fast and her cannon's loud boom
Was awfully echoed from WASHINGTON's tomb ;
No hand in the battle was redder than hers,
For a spirit ancestral came down from the spheres,
And true to her glory and true to her fame,
Her proud banner towered through smoke and through flame,

Sic Semper Tyrannis !

Ah ! tremble, ye Northmen ! in terror and doubt !
Break, break, ye curs'd Vandals ! in panic and rout !
Fly, fly from Virginia or sink on her sod,
Confounded by conscience and stricken by God,
Appease her stern wrath with libations of blood,
Then rush from the field like a turbulent flood.
The swords of Virginia shine fiercely behind,
And her flag like a cannon's flash gleams in the wind,

Sic Semper Tyrannis !

Away to the homes ye were madmen to leave!
 To invade, to insult, to subdue, to bereave!
 And should ye incline to pursue your bad cause,
 To impose upon us your religion and laws,
 Remember Manassas and shun the red path!
 Remember Virginia and rouse not her wrath!
 She will write in your blood on the next battle-field,
 That stern threat to tyrants which burns on her shield,
 Sic Semper Tyrannis!

VIRGINIA'S RALLYING CALL.

BY LOUISE ELEMJAY.

Come to my side, my gallant children, come,
 Heard ye that edict of yon caitiff scum:
 "Gird ye for exile now, or cringing slaves?"
 I rear no *villein serfs* on heroes' graves.

Arm! arm! who falters now must fall or fly,
 Light with your blazing wealth the midnight sky;
 This is no hour to pause and count the cost—
 This is no tilt where knightly blades are crossed.

Earth's seething dregs and outcast demon bands
 Their felon chains are clanking for your hands;
 The reeking filth of Northern Freeloaf hives,
 With hellish grasp are closing on your wives.

Strike as no soldier's arm e'er struck before,
 Come with your torch from blackened sea-girt shore—
 Come with your knife from outraged inland home—
 Come, in God's name, my dauntless SISTERS, come!

Strike for your mother-name, and children's right—
 Strike while you have a land for which to fight—
 Strike the loved tomb of WASHINGTON to save—
 Strike for a freeman's home, or freeman's grave!

War to the knife, ring out your battle cry—
WAR TO THE HILT, your tocsin wild and high ;
 From ev'ry rill and dell, and mountain height,
 And God, the Christian's God, DEFEND THE RIGHT !

(From the Southern Literary Messenger.)

PROSOPOPŒIA.

“Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
 War, horrid war, approaches to your walls.”
 —POPE'S *ILIAD*, ii.

Come from your mountain regions,
 Come from your plains afar ;
 Virginians, come by legions ;
 Come panoplied for war.
 From every height and valley—
 From cities and from farms—
 From every village, rally—
 Rise up ; prepare ; to arms !

Who calls us from our borders ?
 Who bids us leave our toil ?
 What are these martial orders
 Of battle and of broil ?
 Why should we rise by legions ?
 Whence are these loud alarms ?
 Who calls on our allegiance ?
 Who summons us to arms ?

'Tis I, my sons, no other ;
 'Tis I, my sons, no other ;
 I am your common mother,
 For I have borne you all.
 That mother, look upon her :
 Will you desert her now,
 And suffer foul dishonor
 To brand her sacred brow ?

Can you forget my glory,
 My valiant sons of old,
 Names chronicled in story,
 Deeds blazoned in bright gold ?
 My enemies assemble
 To scorn me and disgrace :
 Go make the invaders tremble :
 Go scourge the treacherous race !

I gave them broad dominions ;
 I gave them liberty ;
 And now the ungrateful minions
 Have turned to fetter me.
 Long years have I been pleading
 That they should grant me peace ;
 But they, my voice unheeding,
 Vow war shall never cease.

Leave, then your peaceful labors ;
 Unfurl your banners high ;
 Bring your rifles and your sabres,
 And go prepared to die.
 To die for me is glorious ;
 So died your sires of yore :
 My sons, come back victorious,
 Or never come back more !

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

VIRGINIA TO THE RESCUE.

BY VIRGINIA.

“Virginia to the rescue!” ‘tis her childrens’ battle-cry;
Whose name is it they join with hers and what echoes fill
the sky?

“Virginia to the rescue!” how it peals from sea to sea,
As they swear to follow to the death the son of HARRY LEE!

“Virginia to the rescue!” As the sound went thro’ the land,
How it raised each drooping heart and nerved each failing
hand,
When they knew to lead the rescue a hero they should see—
The son of “Light-Horse HARRY,” of gallant HARRY LEE.

“Virginia to the rescue!” How true the hearts and bold
Who answer to the battle-cry their fathers heard of old:
Before this band of heroes let tyrants turn and flee,
They cannot fail, who fight for right, with the son of HARRY
LEE!

Who said that brave Virginia had lost her ancient crown,
When souls like these have rallied to give her fresh renown?
For now she leads the rescue, ten thousands vow to be
As true in peace, as bold in war, as this son of HARRY LEE!

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

VIRGINIA--LATE BUT SURE!

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE, of Louisiana.

The foe has hemmed us round: we stand at bay,
Here will we perish, or be free to-day!

To drum and bugle sternly sounding,
The Southern soldier's heart is bounding—
But stay—oh, stay!—Virginia is not here!

Hush your strains of martial cheer,
O bugle, peace!
O war-drum, cease!

Virginia is not here!
Suspend, O Chief! your word of fight!
She will be soon in sight!

Her children never called in vain!
She comes not—comes not: the disgrace
Were bitterer than the tyrant's chain!
O death! we dare thee face to face!

A gun! the foe's defiant shot—be still!
Hurrah! an answering gun behind the hill.
And o'er its summit wildly streaming
The squadrons of Virginia gleaming!
Hurrah! hurrah! the Old Dominion comes!
Blow your bugles! beat your drums!
O doubt accurst!
The last is first.

The Old Dominion come!
She grasps her thunderbolts of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Now loose, O Chief! your battle storm!
We hang impatient on your breath;
Here in the flashing front we form!
Virginia!—Victory or Death!

(From the Southern Literary Messenger.)

JACKSON, THE ALEXANDRIA MARTYR.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE, M. D.

'Twas not the private insult galled him most,
But public outrage of his country's flag,
To which his patriotic heart had pledged
Its faith as to a bride. The bold, proud chief,
Th' avenging host, and the swift-coming death
Appalled him not. Nor life with all its charms,
Nor home, nor wife, nor children could weigh down
The fierce, heroic instincts to destroy
The insolent invader; ELLSWORTH fell
And JACKSON perished 'mid the pack of wolves,
Befriended only by his own great heart
And God approving. More than Roman soul!
O type of our impetuous chivalry!
May this young nation ever boast her sons,
A vast, inconceivable multitude,
Standing like thee in her extremest van,
Self-poised and ready, in defence of rights
Or in revenge of wrongs, to dare and die!

(From the N. O. Crescent.)

THE MARTYR OF ALEXANDRIA.

BY J. WRIGHT SIMMONS.

I.

Reveal'd, as in a lightning flash,
A hero stood!
Th' invading foe, the trumpet's crash,
Lit up his blood!

II.

High o'er the sacred pile that bends
Those forms above !
Thy star, O Freedom ! brightly blends
Its rays with love !

III.

The banner of a mighty race
Serenely there
Unfurls—the genius of the place,
And haunted air !

IV.

A vow is register'd in Heaven,
Patriot ! 'twas thine—
To guard those matchless colors, given
By hand Divine !

V.

JACKSON ! thy spirit may not hear
The wail ascend,
A nation bends above thy'bier,
And mourns its friend !

VI.

Th' example is thy monument !
In organ tones
Thy name resounds, with glory blent,
Prouder than thrones !

VII.

And they whose loss hath been our gain,
A people's care
Shall win their tender hearts from pain,
And wipe the tear !

VIII.

When time shall set the captives free,
 Now scath'd by wrath !
 Heirs of his immortality,
 Bright be their path !

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

BY DR. TICKNOR.

Sic Jurat.

The knightliest of the knightly race
 Who, since the days of old,
 Have kept the lamp of chivalry
 Alight in hearts of gold—
 The kindliest of the kindly band
 Who rarely hated ease ;
 Who rode with SMITH around the land,
 And RALEIGH 'round the seas—
 Who climbed the blue Virginia hills
 Amid embattled foes,
 And planted there in valleys fair,
 The lily and the rose ;
 Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
 Whose beauty stars the earth,
 And lights the hearths of many homes
 With loveliness and worth !
 We thought they slept ! the sons who kept
 The names of noble sires,
 And slumbered while the darkness crept
 Around their vigil fires !
 But still the Golden Horse-shoe Knights,
 Their Old Dominion keep,
 Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
 But not a knight asleep.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

UPRISE YE BRAVES !

BY G. H. M., Washington Artillery.

Uprise ye braves of Southern birth—
Uplift your flag on high,
And bear it through the battle's breeze,
To conquer or to die !
Let every scabbard be forsown,
And every sword flash out,
Till every foot of Southern soil
Resounds to Freedom's shout !

The spirits of that sainted band
Whose bones are not yet dust,
Call to ye, from the better land,
To vindicate their trust—
The proud domain of their bequest,
To border with your steel,
And drive the bastard bigot back,
That scorned your peace appeal.

The noble dames that gave you birth,
Gave you the blood of braves ;
Dishonored shame would brand their brows,
Bore ye the yoke of slaves.
Uprise ye, then, in Freedom's might,
Resistless as the waves !
Vanquish the foes of Southern rights,
Or sleep in Southern graves !

(From the Sunday Delta.)

THE STARS AND BARS.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Fling wide the dauntless banner
To every Southern breeze,
Baptized in flame, with Sumter's name—
A patriot and a hero's fame—
From Moultrie to the seas !
That it may cleave the morning sun
And, streaming, sweep the night,
The emblem of a battle won
The Yankee ships in sight.

Come, hucksters, from your markets,
Come, bandits, from your caves,
Come, venal spies, with brazen lies
Bewildering your deluded eyes,
That we may dig your graves ;
Come, creatures of a sordid clown
And drivelling traitor's breath,
A single blast shall blow you down
Upon the fields of Death.

The very flag you carry
Caught its reflected grace,
In fierce alarms, from Southern arms,
When foemen threatened all your farms
And never saw your face :
Ho ! braggarts of New England's shore
Back to your hills and delve
The soil whose craven sons forswore
That flag in eighteen-twelve !

We wreathed around the roses
It wears before the world,
And made it bright with storied light,
In every scene of bloody fight
Where it has been unfurled ;
And think ye, now, the dastard hands
That never yet could hold
Its staff, shall wave it o'er our lands
To glut the greed of gold ?

No ! by the truth of Heaven
And its eternal Sun,
By every sire whose altar-fire
Burns on to beckon and inspire
It never shall be done ;
Before that day the kites shall wheel
Hail-thick on Northern heights,
And there, our bared, aggressive steel
Shall counter-sign our rights !

Then, spread the flaming banner
O'er mountain, lake, and plain,
Before its bars, degraded Mars
Has kissed the dust with all his stars,
And will be struck again ;
For could his triumph now be stayed
By hell's prevailing gates,
A sceptered Union would be made
The grave of sovereign States.

(From the Richmond Whig.)

THE BATTLE AT BETHEL.

AIR—"Dixie."

I.

Send out the news to West and South, and spread it through
the land,
Our noble boys have beat the foe at Bethel !
We'll praise and bless, with all our hearts, the gallant, gal-
lant band
Who met the foe, and beat them back at Bethel !
With three to one assailing —
At Bethel ! Bethel !
They felt their courage failing,
When they came nigh to Bethel !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Monday's fight at Bethel !
And glory to the noble boys who beat the foe at Bethel !

II.

MAGRUDER led twelve hundred men, and did not wish for
more,
To meet four thousand Lincolmites at Bethel !
Old BUTLER sent them out and said (some people said he
swore)
By dinner time, he'd *get* our men at Bethel !
But all his valiant troops got
At Bethel ! Bethel !
Was a hasty plate of soup — hot —
That burnt their mouths at Bethel !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for BUTLER's feast at Bethel !
The *grape* set all his teeth on edge the day he dined at Bethel !

III.

The old North State was wide awake, for there was Col. HILL,
 With all her sons who fought that day at Bethel !
 The Yankee Zouaves disliked their looks, they couldn't stand
 the drill,
 When bayonets flashed along their line at Bethel !
 The word was "Right about," sir,
 At Bethel ! Bethel !
 And the Zouaves they all *put out*, sir,
 In "double-quick" at Bethel !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! what time they made at Bethel !
 "Two-forty, on a plank, is slow, to what they did at Bethel !

* IV.

Brave Major RANDOLPH's Howitzers sent out their *meat, in shells*,
 Which Yankee stomachs didn't like at Bethel !
 The Richmond and Henrico lads rang out a peal of bells,
 'Twas *music* Yankees could not *face* at Bethel !
 The jig went on so fast, sir,
 At Bethel ! Bethel !
 That *back-step* came at last, sir,
 And they danced away from Bethel !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the Yankee jig at Bethel !
 If they want another lesson, let them call again at Bethel !



RICH MOUNTAIN.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE, M. D.

The clash of arms, the tread of hurrying feet,
 Shoutings and groans and victory and defeat,
 Music and madness and a mighty grave,
 On the wild mountain summit ! Few and brave

The proud Virginians met the invading host,
 O'erwhelmed by numbers, all but honor lost,
 Cannon to cannon mocking with delight
 The native thunders of that stormy height,
 Whilst the green vallies, echoing from afar,
 Mourned and re-mourned the fratricidal war !
 How calmly, sweetly can the brave man die
 On the great mountains, looking toward the sky !
 Just as the soldier's feet are fiercely set,
 And his bared bosom braves the bayonet;
 He hears a voice loud as the surging sea,
 The Genius of Eternal Liberty,
 Which brooks in reason none but God's control,
 Speaks to him, flashing grandly on his soul
 Enkindled and empowered as if he were
 Himself the indignant South in miniature ;
 Speaks sternly, sweetly thus : " Fall at thy gun
 Wounded or dead, but quit it not, my son ! "

SOUTHERN BORDER SONG.

AIR—"Blue Bonnets over the Border."

March—march ! Southerners fearlessly march !
 Have ye not heard of the ruthless marauder ?
 Lo ! his dark flag stripes the heaven's blue arch,
 Staining with red blood the Maryland Border.
 Standards are streaming now,
 Gaily above your brow ;
 Bear them to victory, and bear them in order—
 Sons of the Cavaliers,
 Sea-board and mountaineers,
 Strike for your homes and the beautiful Border.

Leave the green hills where your cattle are grazing;
 Leave the lone haunts of the eagle and deer;
 Come to the banks where Potomac is blazing,
 Come with the rifle, the sword, and the spear.
 Bugles blow loudly,
 Coursers champ proudly;
 Stand to your arms and face the marauder.
 Yankees shall ne'er forget,
 Welcomes of bayonet,
 When their base hirelings came over the Border.

(From the *Richmond Whig.*)

ON TO RICHMOND.

After Southeys "March to Moscow."

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON, ESQR.

Major-General Scott
 An order had got
 To push on the column to Richmond,
 For loudly went forth,
 From all parts of the North,
 The cry that an end of the war must be made
 In time for the regular yearly Fall Trade;
 Mr. GREELEY spoke freely about the delay,
 The Yankees "to hum" were all hot for the fray;
 The chivalrous GROW
 Declared they were slow,
 And therefore the order
 To march from the border
 And make an excursion to Richmond.

Major-General SCOTT
Most likely was not
Very loth to obey this instruction, I wot;
In his private opinion
The Ancient Dominion
Deserved to be pillaged, her sons to be shot,
And the reason is easily noted;
Though this part of the earth
Had given him birth,
And medals and swords,
Inscribed with fine words,
It never for WINFIELD had voted.
Besides you must know that our first of Commanders,
Had sworn; quite as hard as the army in Flanders;
With his finest of armies and proudest of navies,
To wreak his old grudge against JEFFERSON DAVIS.
Then "forward the column," he said to McDOWELL,
And the Zouaves, with a shout,
Most fiercely cried out,
"To Richmond or h—ll" (I omit here the vowel);
And WINFIELD, he ordered his carriage and four,
A dashing turn-out, to be brought to the door,
For a pleasant excursion to Richmond.

Major-General SCOTT
Had there on the spot
A splendid array
To plunder and slay;
In the camp he might boast
Such a numerous host,
As he never had yet
In the battle-field set;
Every class and condition of Northern society
Were in for the trip, a most varied variety;
In the camp he might hear every lingo in vogue,
"The sweet German accent, the rich Irish brogue."

The beautiful boy
From the banks of the Shannon
Was there to employ
His excellent cannon,
And besides the long files of dragoons and artillery,
The Zouaves and Hussars,
All the children of Mars,
There were barbers and cooks
And writers of books—
The *chief de cuisine* with his French bills of fare,
And the artist to dress the young officers' hair,
And the scribblers all ready once to prepare
An eloquent story
Of conquest and glory ;
And servants with numberless baskets of Sillery,
Though WILSON the Senator followed the train,
At a distance quite safe, to "conduct the *champagne*:"
While the fields were so green, and the sky was so blue,
There was certainly nothing more pleasant to do
On this pleasant excursion to Richmond.

In Congress the talk, as I said, was of action,
To crush out *instanter* the traitorous faction.
In the press and the mess,
They would hear nothing less
Than to make the advance, spite of rhyme or of reason,
And at once put an end to the insolent treason.
There was GREELEY,
And ELY,
The blood-thirsty GROW,
And HICKMAN (the rowdy, not HICKMAN the beau),
And that terrible BAKER
Who would seize on the South, every acre,
And WEBB, who would drive us all into the Gulf or
Some nameless locality smelling of sulphur ;
And with all this bold crew

Nothing would do
While the fields were so green and the sky was so blue,
But to march on directly to Richmond.

Then the gallant McDowell
Drove madly the rowel
 Of spur that had never been "won" by him,
In the flank of his steed,
To accomplish a deed,
 Such as never before had been done by him ;
And the battery called SHERMAN'S
 Was wheeled into line,
While the beer-drinking Germans,
 From Neckar and Rhine,
With Minnie and Yager,
Come on with a swagger,
Full of fury and lager,
 (The day and the pageant were equally fine)
Oh ! the fields were so green, and the sky was so blue,
Indeed 'twas a spectacle pleasant to view,
 As the column pushed on to Richmond.

Ere the march was begun,
In a spirit of fun,
General Scott in a speech
Said his army should teach
The Southrons the lesson the laws to obey,
And just before dusk of the third or fourth day,
 Should joyfully march into Richmond.
He spoke of their drill
And their courage and skill,
And declared that the ladies of Richmond would rave
O'er such matchless perfection, and gracefully wave
In rapture their delicate 'kerchiefs in air
At their morning parades on the Capitol Square,
But alack ! and alas !

*Mark what soon came to pass,
When this army, in spite of his flatteries,
Amid war's loudest thunder
Must stupidly blunder*
Upon those accursed "masked batteries."

*Then BEAUREGARD came,
Like a tempest of flame,
To consume them in wrath
On their perilous path;*
And JOHNSTON bore down in a whirlwind to sweep
Their ranks from the field
Where their doom had been sealed,
As the storm rushed over the face of the deep ;
While swift on the centre our President press'd,
And the foe might descry
In the glance of his eye
The light that once blazed upon Diomed's crest.
McDOWELL ! McDOWELL ! weep, weep for the day
When the Southrons you met in their battle array ;
To your confident hosts with its bullets and steel
'Twas worse than CULLODEN to luckless LOCHIEL !
Oh, the Generals were green, and old SCOTT is now
blue,
And a terrible business, McDOWELL, to you
Was that pleasant excursion to Richmond.

YANKEE DOODLE'S RIDE TO RICHMOND.

BY REV. E. P. BIRCH, of La Grange, Ga.

I sing of Yankee Doodle's ride to famous Richmond town,
A gallant Knight in truth was he, of valor and renown ;
His fathers were a worthy race, erst called the "pilgrim band,"
Who once did burn the witches all, in ancient Yankee land.

In Yankee land he still abode, where slept his fathers brave—
His towns were built upon the shore, his ships were on the
wave;
The pumpkins in his fields did grow, his rivers flowed with
rum—
A goodly land, right well I know, was Yankee Doodledom.

Up rose this valiant Knight one morn, and to his spouse he
said,
“I’ve got an ‘idee’ in my mind—a ‘notion’ in my head—
To thrash out all the Southern men, and set the ‘niggers’
free,
And give their houses and their lands to those who fight for
me.

“I’ll add new laurels to my fame, new riches to my store,
And fill my coffers up with gold, till they can hold no more;
I’ll make those haughty Southern lords my vassals and my
slaves,
Or slay them all with sword and flame, and fill their land
with graves.

“Then through the world, with trump and press, my glory
I’ll proclaim,
‘Till all the nations of the earth shall tremble at my name;
I’ll conquer all this continent, with ‘stars and stripes’
unfurled,
And Europe, too, shall own my sway—the monarch of the
world.”

Then forth he went, with bold intent, to gather up his
legions—
A crew of dirty vagabonds, from Tophet’s nether regions—
Of thieving Yankees, filthy Dutch, and Irish from the Bogs,
And vagrant Hoosiers from the West—a herd of drunken
hogs.

Forth from the country and the town, and from the city's
hum,
His armies marched with measured tramp, to the music of
the drum ;
He called his strong men from afar, his chieftains to his side,
And started on to Richmond town, to take a merry ride.

In the early morning sunlight, I saw his white tents gleaming,
I saw the glitter of his arms—his banners gaily streaming ;
I saw their martial hosts spread out, along Potomac's shore—
A fairer sight than this, I ween, was never seen before.

Oh ! 'twas a splendid thing to see those war-like men that
day,
As thro' the streets with serried ranks, they marched in fine
array ;
The dogs did bark, the children screamed, and tender maid-
ens sighed,
The rabble shouted in the streets, the old men wept with
pride.

“Three cheers for Yankee Doodle bold ! Hurrah for gallant
SCOTT !
The hero of a hundred fights, who fails nor falters not ;
On, on, to famous Richmond town—to Dixie's land we hie ;
Wo ! to the Southern 'rebels' there ; we'll conquer them or
die.

“In Dixie's Land are lovely dames, and maidens sweet and
fair,
Whose tender charms and innocence it boots us not to spare ;
We'll kill the men and seize their homes, and plunder every
spot—
Three cheers for Yankee Doodledom ! Three cheers for gal-
lant SCOTT !”

Thus Yankee Doodle cheered his men—this valiant Knight
and true,
And marched them onward to the tune of Yankee-doodle-
doo—
Alack-a-day ! that gallant host, so confident and vain,
From Dixie's Land, a living band, may ne'er come back
again.

Still on he *rode* along the *road* ; sometimes he ran at *full-
run*,

Until he reached a *running* stream, which Southern men call
Bull-run ;

'Twas here he met with BEAUREGARD, a chieftain fierce and
brave,

Whose motto on the battle-field was, "victory or the grave."

Around him there, in stern array, his dauntless legions
stood,

Who came to save their country's soil, or stain it with their
blood ;

All calm and silent as the clouds, when tempests hold their
breath,

They wait to hurl upon the foe a hurricane of death.

Said Yankee Doodle to his men, " We'll drive them from the
plain—

We'll chase them down to Richmond town, and pile the
ground with slain ;

We'll march the prisoners on before, with hand-cuffs on
their hands ;

We'll hang their leaders, seize their goods, and confiscate
their lands.

" Then on to Richmond—on, to-day ; the spoils await you
now,

The 'beauty and the booty,' too, will soon be yours, I **vow** ;

Strike for the 'Union' and the 'Flag,' and for the homes
you love ;
A glorious victory awaits you now. McDowell ! forward
move !"

With shouts and screams, and rolling drums, and trumpets
blowing loud,
They eager rush into the fight—a wild and reckless crowd—
Ah ! little knew that vagrant crew, as on they pressed to
battle,
How soon those fiery Southern men would drive them back
like cattle.

A moment more, the battle's roar was heard along the plain,
And full five hundred Yankee men lay cold among the slain ;
Still on their wavering, bleeding ranks is hurled the daunt-
less foe—

Said Yankee Doodle to his men, "*I guess we'd better go.*"

So back they went to camp and tent, to rest a little "spell,"
'Till Scott should send them forth again to thrash the "reb-
els" well.

The Sabbath morn was sweet and fair, the summer sun rose
bright,
When Doodle roused his men once more, and led them to
the fight.

I heard the battle-cry again, the cannons thundered loud,
The smoke and dust rolled from the plain—a dense and
murky cloud ;
McDowell urged his legions on : "We'll win or die," said
SCOTT—
Quoth Yankee Doodle, in a fright, "*I guess I'd rather not.*"

Those Southern hearts are true and brave; they fear no
mortal foe ;
On, on, they press with giant tread, and death at every blow ;
K*

"Fight for your homes," said BEAUREGARD, and "never dare to yield,
And ye shall proudly stand this day, the victors of the field."

I saw the gallant Georgians there, who fought so brave and well—

I saw them stand begirt with fire, where noble BARTOW fell;
I saw their martyred chief in death, with face serenely bright,
And heard him say, "They've killed me boys, but don't give up the fight."

I saw the Alabama Fourth, and HAMPTON's legion, too,
And Zouave-Tigers from the South, with reckless souls and true,
And old Virginia's horsemen brave, and KIRBY SMITH's brigade,
As on the flying foe they rushed, when the battle-tide was stayed.

I saw the gallant JOHNSTON there, and heard his voice of thunder,
As on the yielding foe he fell, and drove their ranks asunder;
I saw the Yankees turn to flee—I saw their chieftains run,
And heard the shout of Southern men, when the proud field was won.

I saw them as they rushed away, old SCOTT was in the van,
And Yankee Doodle cursed and raved against his routed clan—
Then came McDOWELL flushed with rage, forth from the din and roar—
"Your men, Sir Knight, have *run the foe*, but they have *run before*."

Said Yankee Doodle in a rage, "I guess I'll follow, too,
And if the devil gets us all, he'll only get his due."
So off he goes from friends and foes, and leaves them all
behind—

'Twas said by some who saw him run, he did outstrip the wind

Away he went with might and main—the chase is up in-
deed—

Says he, "If I can't *whip* the foe, I'll beat them all in *speed*;
Tho' Bull Run is a *running* stream, (excuse me for the pun-
ning),

If need be, I must *run* at all, I'll *outrun* Bull Run, *running*!"

On, on, he rushed with mad career, nor tarried in the flight,
Until he came to Washington, all in the dreary night—
Quoth he, "I've acted like a fool, or like a silly clown;
I've *talked* against the Southern men, but they have *run me*
down."

Three cheers for Yankee Doodle, then, and for his wild-goose
chase—

His merry ride to Richmond town, his gallant Bull Run race;
Three cheers! for all the Southern men, who drove him
from the plain,
And when he next doth come to fight, we'll run him back
again.

(From the Southern Literary Messenger.)

FOR PUNCH.

For fifty years the world has rung
With nothing strange or new, sir,
Unless the chant, on every tongue,
Was "Yankee Doodle do," sir.

But this Fast Era, every day,
Proves nothing fixed can last, sir,
And present participles may
Soon change into the past, sir.

So, since the fatal afternoon,
When routed at Bull Run, sir,
The world will have to change its tune
To "Yankee Doodle's *done*, sir."

♦♦♦

THE BRIGAND BRIGADE.

When ABE called the Council together,
Secession at large to discuss—
Says he, "this is very fine weather,
But we've kinder got into a muss"—
"Yes, the matter the more that we think on,"
Replied that sweet party of six—
"The more we're convinced, Mr. LINCOLN,
That we *are* in a deuce of a fix."

“Well, I’ve made up my mind, and it’s reason,”
 Says bold Mr. LINCOLN, says he,
 “That the way to squelch out the darned treason
 Is to rob the darned traitors, you see ;
 We’ll steal all their goods and their *chattels*,
 I mean,” and ABE giggled, “their slaves,
 And we’d want for this work and its battles,
 Some seventy-five thousand good knaves.”

“The knaves you shall have, and that freely,”
 Said his Cabinet, trusty and true,
 “This is just what our friend, Mr. GREELEY,
 Declares he would have you to do ;
 The North gives its full approbation,
 Let’s rob the rebellion—agreed !”
 Thereupon came the first Proclamation,
 ’Twas a plan that was sure to succeed.

So each rascally tatterdemalion
 Acts out, for his pittance of gold,
 The law of the wily Italian,*
 First *ruin* the province you’d hold ;
 To all their recruits was this order
 From LINCOLN and SEWARD conveyed,
 Which accounts for the rush on the border,
 Of the bloody, bold Brigand Brigade.

But they come to protect and defend us,
 To guard both our homes and our rights,
 Such protection, indeed, they may lend us,
 As the dove might receive from the kites ;
 Sweet phrase, how like honey it trickles !
 They guard us ! yes, “over the left,”

* Machiavelli—The Prince.

And like reapers descend with their SICKLES,
To gather the harvest of—theft.

O, notable band of cut-purses,
Excelling all others in crime,
Whose acts ever ripen to curses,
Whose infamy's something sublime—
We know your political masters
Are wicked, and subtle, and strong,
That our trials, and wrongs, and disasters
May be heavy, and weary, and long :

While yet not the flag, but the flagon,
The can, not the cannon you wield ;
We know that the foul German dragon *
Is *allied* with "St. George" in the field--
We know that your tyrant has stifled
The voice of thanksgiving and prayer—
That your guns and our homes have been rifled,
(*Telle est la fortune de la guerre:*)

We know you have poisoned your bullets
To kill, where you hit, without fail—
That you ride after porkers and pullets,
In new patent waistcoats of mail—
Yet leave for a time, we entreat you,
Your search after liquors and spoons,
And give us the chance once to meet you,
Horse, jackasses, foot, and dragoons :

* The dragon in the old Teutonic mythos, is represented as coming from the very region whence came the hordes of German hirelings that fill the armies of SIEGEL, and ROSECRANS and HEINTZELMAN. I submit, therefore, that the image is appropriate. As Gen. McCLELLAN has often been called St. George by the Yankee papers, I give him the benefit of the appellation, though he would seem to be fighting on the wrong side.

Let us bring, 'spite your handcuffs and halters,
Against your four regiments, *one*—
Men who fought for their hearths and their altars,
At Bethel, Ball's Bluff, or Bull Run!—
Let the bugles be blown, and the onset
Once fairly in earnest be made,
And that day shall behold, ere the sunset,
The end of the Brigand Brigade.

(From the Richmond Enquirer.)

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Dedicated to Gen. BEAUREGARD, C. S. A.

BY MRS. CLARK.

Now glory to the "Lord of Hosts!" oh, bless and praise His
name,
For He hath battled in our cause, and brought our foes to
shame;
And honor to our BEAUREGARD, who conquered in His might,
And for our children's children won Manassas' bloody fight.
Oh, let our thankful prayers ascend, our joyous praise
resound,
For God—the God of victory, our untried flag hath crowned!

They brought a mighty army, to crush us with a blow,
And in their pride they laughed to scorn the men they did
not know;
Fair women came to triumph, with the heroes of the day,
When the "boasting Southern rebels" should be scattered
in dismay,

And for their conquering Generals a lordly feast they spread ;
But the wine in which we pledged them was all of ruby red !

The feast was like BELSHAZZAR'S—in terror and dismay,
Before *our* conquering heroes their Generals ran away.
God had weighed them in the balance ; and His hand upon the wall,
At the taking of Fort Sumter, had fore-doomed them to their fall.
But they would not heed the warning, and scoffed in unbelief,
'Till their scorn was changed to wailing, and their laughter into grief !

All day the fight was raging, and amid the cannon's peal
Rang the crackling of our rifles, and the clashing of our steel ;
But above the din of battle, our shout of triumph rose,
As we charged upon their batteries, and turned them on our foes.
We staid not for our fallen, and we thought not of our dead,
Until the day was ours, and the routed foe had fled.

But once our spirits faltered—BEE and BARTOW both were slain,
And our gallant Colonel HAMPTON lay wounded on the plain ;
But BEAUREGARD, God bless him ! led the legion in his stead,
And JOHNSTON seized the colors, and waved them o'er his head !
• E'en a coward must have followed, when such heroes led the way ;
And no dastard blood was flowing in Southern veins that day !

But every arm was strengthened, and every heart was stirred,

As shouts of "DAVIS! DAVIS!" along our line were heard;
As he rode into the battle, the joyous news flew fast,
And the dying raised their voices, and cheered him as he passed.

Oh! with such glorious leaders, in Cabinet and field,
The gallant Southern chivalry will die, but never yield!

But from the wings of Victory the shafts of death were sped,
And our pride is dash'd with sorrow when we count our noble dead;

Though in our hearts they're living—and to our sons we'll tell

How gloriously our FISHER and our gallant JOHNSON fell;
And the name of each we'll cherish as an honor to his State,
And teach our boys to envy, and, if need be, meet their fate.

Then "glory to the Lord of Hosts!" oh, bless and praise His name,

For He hath battled in our cause, and brought our foes to shame.

And honor to our BEAUREGARD, who conquered in His might.

And for our children's children, won Manassas' bloody fight.

Oh! let our grateful prayers ascend, our joyous praise resound,

For God, the God of victory, our untried flag hath crowned.

BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Now proudly lift, oh sunny South,
Your glad, triumphal strains,
From fair Virginia's verdant hills
To Texas' sandy plains.

Now glory to our Southern bands
That crushed the Northern foe,
That swept away their gathered hosts,
And laid their banners low.

Long wave our glorious standard
O'er men that never yield,—
As those who won the victory
On proud Manassas' field.

The Summer sun rose fair and bright,
That peaceful Sabbath morn,
O'er wooded hill, and smiling vale,
And fields of waving corn.

No solemn bell was tolling out
A welcome to the day,
But there, upon the tented plain,
Our quiet army lay.

When sudden pealed the bugle's blast,
And rolled the stormy drum,
And swiftly ran from man to man,
"The foe! they come! they come!"

Oh, there were quick and stern commands,
And hurried mounting then!
Uprose our gallant officers,
Upsprang our eager men!
Each heart, alike, of young and old,

Beat high with martial zeal,
As we caught upon the distant hills
The gleam of Yankee steel !
And silently and slowly
Our serried ranks fell back—
While onward, marching to their doom,
They followed in our track.

At length, our destined point is won—
The order we obey,
And silently our ranks defile,
And form in war-array.
There stands the hoary-headed sire,
Beside his stalwart son,
And here the youth, elate as though
The victory were won ;
While on each manly visage,
In every earnest eye,
Is writ the firm and proud resolve
To conquer or to die !

It was a great and glorious sight,
That dazzling summer day,
As face to face those armies stood
In all their proud array !
There stretched their files of infantry
In ranks of bristling steel.
And thundering o'er the echoing plain
Our fiery troopers wheel ;
While on each crowded eminence,
We marked with eager eyes,
Defending front, and flank, and rear,
Their boasted batteries.

Now came a brief, expectant pause—
A hush of solemn awe ;

When sudden from their cannon pealed
The thunder-notes of war !
We stood as stony statues stand,
And scarcely drew a breath,
While thick amid our columns flew
The messengers of death ;
We gripped our sheathen sabres,
We reined our chargers hard,—
And looked to where brave JOHNSTON stood,
And gallant BEAUREGARD.

Now quick-defiling, right and left,
Their infantry come on ;—
When sudden, on our distant flank,
Outpealed the signal gun !
And as from out the brooding cloud
The tempest's wrath is poured,
So all along our smoking lines
Our cannon flamed and roared.
Rank after rank is swept away,
Yet still their numbers swell,—
A thousand rushing in the breach
Where but a hundred fell.

As pour the angry ocean-waves
On Nova-Scotia's banks,
So downward rushed that Northern horde
Upon our serried ranks.
As stands against the tempest's might,
Gibraltar's living rock,
So stood our gallant Southerners
To meet the mighty shock.
The earth beneath us trembled—
And clouds obscured the sun ;
He seemed to pause, and gaze aghast,
As once at Ajalon !

Now fast as falling hail-stones
 Their shot around us pour,
 With din of clashing bayonets,
 And cannon's thundering roar.
 And thrice their bristling lines advance,
 And thrice before us yield,
 Till foot to foot, and hand to hand,
 We grapple on the field.
 They slowly gather 'round us—
 They wrap us in their coil,—
 And Southern blood is poured like rain
 Upon Virginia soil!

Down come their fierce artillery,
 Down come their fiery Zouaves ;
 Yet two to three, each Southern arm,
 A path before him carves.
 But hark ! the signal of retreat !
 And stubbornly and slow
 Our gallant remnant backward falls,
 Still fighting as they go.
 Still fighting—some with mangled hands,
 And some with glazing eyes ;
 Not one of all the dying yields,
 Or of the living flies !

“ Ho ! Courage, noble comrades !
 Not yet the day is lost,—
 For see, upon the dusty hills,
 Yon downward-rushing host.
 Three weary leagues, that summer day,
 To the quickly-timing drum,
 Through choking dust and burning heat,
 Unweariedly they come !
 Now “ ELZEY to the rescue ! ”
 No pause or rest they know,—

L*

But charge with levelled bayonets
Upon the shrinking foe.

Again in deadly conflict
Our scattered numbers close,—
When high above the battle's din
A mighty shout arose !
Now grappled foes unloose their hold,
And strain with eager eye :
Whose was that signal of defeat,
And whose the victory ?
“*Hurra ! Hurra !*” that mighty shout
The very skies might stun :
“*Charge ! Cavalry !* the day is ours !
Their batteries are won !”

With sabres flashing overhead,
With wildly-flowing rein
A thousand gallant horsemen
Are thundering o'er the plain !
Woe, woe ! unto the Northern hordes
In that terrific hour,—
They fly, as flee the autumn leaves
Before the tempest's power ;
Their foot are swept before us,
And horse and rider reel,
As right and left, in Southern hands,
Flashes the Southern steel !

On, on, ye gallant victors,
And press your chargers hard,
For yonder leads our President,
And noble BEAUREGARD !
“*Hurra ! for gallant DAVIS !*”
The dying strive to rise,

And feebly join the eager shout
That rends the very skies.
“*Hurra!*” the foe is vanquished !
Their scattered numbers yield,—
And proudly floats our Southern flag
Above Manassas’ field !

Oh, God !—it was an awful sight,—
That gory battle-plain ;
Where horse and rider mingled lay,
The dying and the slain.
There foemen, clasped in fierce embrace,
Were lying side by side ;
And some had crossed their shattered arms,
And calmly-smiling, died !
And hoary heads, all steeped in gore,
Gasped out their latest breath ;
And there were fair and youthful brows,
Still beautiful in death !

Wail, wail ! ye Western matrons,
Weep, maidens of the North,
Who in the foul oppressor’s cause,
Have sent your kindred forth !
And weep, ye Southern women,
And strain your eyes in vain,
For the manly form and the youthful brow
That shall not come again.
Yet, mourn *we* not disconsolate—
Their names be ever bright
Who perished in the sacred cause
Of liberty and right.

Yes—glory to our noble dead,
As to our living brave,—

And o'er them may our Southern flag
Forever proudly wave.
Long live our gallant DAVIS,
And honored ever be
Our JOHNSTON and our JACKSON,
Our BEAUREGARD and LEE !
And glory to the Lord of Hosts,
Who was our strength and shield,
And crushed the tyrant's boasted might
On stern Manassas' field !

BATTLE HYMN.--COLUMNS STEADY !

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

Columns, steady ! make ye ready—with the steel and rifle
ready !
Wait the signal ! wait the moment—soul and steel and
weapon steady !
Hark the bugle ! Music ! march ! we are on the foe already !
Quick-step, columns ! slow, though solemn,
Let them feel ye ! bravely steel ye,
And the field shall soon be won !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Bravely steel ye ! make them feel ye !
Every man and mother's son !
Hurrah !

They are looking from the house-tops, they are listening
from the wood,
Mothers, wives, and sweethearts, and the children of your
blood !

And they ask of all the wounded, as we bear them to the rear,

'What of him whom my soul loveth? Doth he turn away in fear!

Is he coward? is he recreant? let me take his place and spear!"

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Charge! ye gallant legions, bravely as one soul and body, charge!

Ye have souls of strength among ye, though your number be not large!

Bravely steel ye!

Let them feel ye!

On 'em! over 'em!—Hurrah!

On!—every mother's son,

And the field is won!

Hurrah!

'Tis not blood, thirsting madly, that we crave!

No wild passion for the strife;

But our honor, and our glory, more than life,

We would pluck from bloody grave—bloody grave!

'Tis for this we have thrown aside the plow!

In earth's sterile furrows let it rust—

'Tis our manhood, we must lift up from the dust!

And to fields of strife and slaughter hurry now—

Our only fields of freedom and of fame!

To work in others now,

With the brand upon our brow,

Would be shame—the worst of sorrows—would be shame!

Columns, rally! make you ready for the final charge and sally!

Skirmishers in front! and cover, with your rifles, height and valley!

Let each pass be sighted deadly—range with eye of fate
each alley !

Wings, be swift ! and centre, steady !

Firm and steady, make ye ready

For the grapple now at hand !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Make them feel ye ! bravely steel ye !

Bullets down and bared the brand !

Hurrah !

Waiting, watching, trembling, weeping, they are crouching
in the wood,

Wives and sweethearts, mothers, sisters, and the children
of your blood !

As they bind the wounds of comrades, cowering, sheltered
in the rear,

How they toil in silent terror ! how they weep in silent
prayer !

“ Husbands, brothers, do not fail us ! doom’d to bondage
and despair !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Charge, ye legions ! bravely, sternly ; as one soul and body,
charge !

Ye are sons and brothers—men—though your number be
not large !

Let them feel ye !

Bravely steel ye !

On 'em ! over 'em !—Hurrah !

Be the work well done,

And the field is won !

Hurrah !

And if joy should be ours, when the storm of battle rolls,

’Tis because that we have burst

From the sleep of shame and sorrow that accurst,

And feel the fresh air of freedom in our souls !—

See the dawning, in its glory, of the light

Which shall bring us to the day—
 Though it be through all the horrors of the fray,
 Though our sun shall forever set in night!—
 Yet welcome be the trial storm and strife!
 Aye, welcome, Fate and Fight,
 Though our day shall set in night,
 Since in perishing for freedom, we prove worthy of its life.

THE BATTLE EVE.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

I see the broad, red, setting sun
 Sink slowly down the sky ;
 I see, amid the cloud-built tents,
 His blood-red standard fly ;
 And mournfully the pallid moon
 Looks from her place on high.

Oh, setting sun, awhile delay !
 Linger on sea and shore ;
 For thousand eyes now gaze on thee,
 That shall not see thee more ;
 A thousand hearts beat proudly now,
 Whose race, like thine, is o'er !

Oh, ghastly moon ! thy pallid ray
 On paler brows shall lie ;
 On many a torn and bleeding breast,
 On many a glazing eye ;
 And breaking hearts shall live to mourn,
 For whom 'twere bliss to die !

WAITING.

BY WM. SHEPARDSON.

All day long beside the window,
Gazing through the mist and rain,
Up and down the street she watches—
Watches closely—but in vain;
And with half a sigh she murmurs,
“ Will he never come again ?”

All day long beside the window,
In both hope and fear she sate,
And the hopes and fears commingled,
Make her whole frame palpitate—
Fill her beating heart with wonder,
Why it is he comes so late.

And the light grows dim and dimmer,
Night advances on the day,
One by one the street lamps glimmer
Through the darkness, far away—
Then, she says, “ I wait no longer,”
And she slowly turns away.

Once again beside the window—
Only dark and rain she sees—
Then she turns from weary waiting,
Softly strikes the ivory keys,
Pouring out her wealth of sadness
In bewailing threnodies.

Gloomy hours of expectation !
By the gas-light’s steady glare
Moves she to the parlor mirror,
Folds her dress and smooths her hair,

Thinking when he stands before her,
If he, too, will call her fair.

But he comes not. In her chamber,
Still depressed by foolish fears,
Sinking down upon the pillow
She relieves her grief in tears,
Sadly weeping, until slumber,
Like an angel, soft appears.

Night, with all its dreams, is over,
And the morning comes again.
Bringing news of a fierce battle,
Fought upon Manassas plain;
And she reads, with deepest anguish,
His dear name among the slain.

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

BEAUREGARD—A SONG.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

Oh ! the North was evil-starr'd,
When it met thee, BEAUREGARD,
And in battle, hot and hard,
Fled in panic from thy stroke and thy shot, BEAUREGARD ;
When his wretched legions flying,
And his scattered thousands dying
In their tracks all bloody lying,
Howl'd in horror at thy vengeance swift and hot, BEAUREGARD !
Beau-fusil, BEAUREGARD !
Beau-canon, BEAUREGARD !
Beau-sabreur, et beau-soldat, BEAUREGARD ! BEAUREGARD !

II.

Thou shalt be our guide and guard,
And our champion, BEAUREGARD,
And the South with meet reward,
Will bring thee tribute, honor—raise to fame, BEAUREGARD !
She will shrine thee in her story,
And proclaim to ages hoary,
How thou'st led her on to glory,
And find her cry of battle in thy name, BEAUREGARD !
Beau-fusil, BEAUREGARD !
Beau-canon, BEAUREGARD !
Beau-sabreur, et beau-soldat, BEAUREGARD ! BEAUREGARD !

MY MARYLAND.

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

The despots heel is on thy shore,
Maryland !
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland !
Avenge the patriotic gore
That wept o'er gallant Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Hark! to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland !

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland !

Remember CARROLL's sacred trust,
Remember HOWARD's war-like thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Come ! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland !

Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland !

With RINGGOLD's spirit for the fray,
With WATSON's blood at Monterey,
With fearless LOWE and dashing MAY,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland !

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland !

She meets her sisters on the plain ;
" *Sic Semper*," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland !

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Come ! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland !

Come ! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland !

Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new KEY to thy song,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland !
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland !
But lo ! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland !
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland !
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland !
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland !
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza ! she spurns the Northern scum !
She breathes—she burns ! she'll come ! she'll come !
Maryland ! My Maryland !

“THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET!”

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash,
The tyrant's war-shout comes,
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash,
And the growl of his sullen drums ;
We hear it—we heed it, with vengeful thrills,
And we shall not forgive or forget—
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills,
There's life in the Old Land yet !

Minions ! we sleep but we are not dead,
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred—
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph-tread
Of the peerless BEAUREGARD ;
Then woe to your yile, polluting horde,
When the Southern braves are met,
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword,
There's life in the Old Land yet !

Bigots ! ye quell not the valiant mind
With the clank of an iron chain—
The spirit of freedom sings in the wind
O'er MERRYMAN, THOMAS and KANE ;
And we, though we smile not, are not thralls—
We are piling a gory debt,
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls
There's life in the Old Land yet !

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble poniard dares the day
In their dear, defiant hands ;
They will strip their tresses to string our bows,
Ere the Northern Sun is set.

There's faith in their unrelenting woes—
There's life in the Old Land yet !

There's life, though it throbeth in silent veins,
'Tis vocal without noise ;
It gushed o'er Manassas' solemn plains
From the blood of the Maryland boys.
That blood shall cry aloud, and rise
With an everlasting threat—
By the death of the brave, by the God in the skies,
There's life in the Old Land yet !

♦♦♦

MARYLAND, OUR MOTHER !

(Written at the request of Many Exiled Marylanders.)

BY REV. JOHN COLLINS MCCABE, D. D.

O Maryland, dear Maryland, our hearts still turn to thee !
We often, weeping, ask, and say, " when, when wilt thou be
free ?

When, when shalt thou look up again, from agony and toil ?
When, the invading hordes no more disgrace thy sacred soil?"
O, Maryland, our mother dear ! we often meet, and speak
Of that glad day when thou shalt on thy foes deep ven-
geance wreak ;

When every grain of dust within thy fair and broad domain,
Baptized in blood, regenerate, shall beauteous be again.

O, Maryland, dear Maryland, sweet mother ! tho' the foe
Holds his damning saturnalia in this hour of thy woe,
Tho' the Edomite holds revel within thy homes and halls ;
We hear, we heed, we answer back thy loud and earnest calls.

Our hearts respond, dear mother, and each honest, earnest hand

Shall buckle on the armor, and shall wield the flashing brand,

We'll watch the signs in heaven, we will wakeful move along,
And, "Dear Maryland and Freedom" shall be our battle-song !

We'll meet the vile invader, we will *hoist the flag of death*,
We will give to thee, our Mother, our swords, our blood,
our breath !

We will dig red graves for traitors, and on our fields shall grow

The teeming crops of Summer from their corpses laid below.

Weep but awhile, O, Mother dear ! thy children hear thy cry—

And we swear we will redeem you,—or else—we can but die.
The trenches of old Maryland, shall be one huge, deep grave,
To bury thy invaders, or inurn thy children brave.

The nations shall not taunt, and say, "Ye dared not to be free ;"

O, Maryland, our Mother dear, they shall not slander thee.
Back to thy bosom we will come to win for thee thy rest,
Or, loving, faithful children, sleepin death upon thy breast.

O, Maryland, sweet Mother ! all our hearts still keenly yearn
Back to thy hills and valleys green, and sun-lit streams to turn,

To tread once more the soil so dear, for which our fathers bled,

To stand again amid the graves of our b. loved dead—

To purify our native air from traitors' poisonous breath ;

To scatter mid the hateful foe, the missiles stern of death,
And we swear, O Mother dear, we swear to be true to thee,
To make thy smiters bite the dust, and thou, O Mother free !

ENCORE ET TOUJOURS "MARYLAND!"

BY CONSTANCE CARY.

A plea for Maryland !
Outraged old Maryland !
Though a weak woman's hand,
Mine shall her cause uphold,
Mine shall her wrongs unfold,
Strong in the right, and bold,
I plead for Maryland !

A call for Maryland !
Down-trodden Maryland !
Shall we *ne'er* make a stand,
Dare not Virginia's men
On to the tyrant's den ?
Oh ! shall she call in vain ?
Never ! old Maryland !

A tear for Maryland !
Dear sister Maryland !
Think of that anguished band
Watching and waiting,
Hearts throbbing and beating,
Daily entreating
Aid for their Maryland !

A prayer for Maryland !
Unhappy Maryland !
Saviour, we humbly bend,
Kneeling where all may kneel,
Thou dost our sorrows feel,
Oh ! deign to set thy seal
"Redeemed" on Maryland !

A song for Maryland !
 All hail to Maryland !
 Though on her ancient sand,
 Traitors and slaves now reign,
 Glorious and great her name,
 Untarnished her fair fame,
 Magnificent Maryland !

A shout for Maryland !
 On, boys, to Maryland !
 Quick, let the flame be fanned,
 Though there be but a few,
 Charge ! for the good and true,
 On ! prove that you will *do*
 Or *die*, for Maryland !

TO MARYLAND--FRIENDS ARE NIGH.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

Friends are nigh ; despair not,
 Though fast in the despot's chain !
 True, they may fly, but fear not,
 They'll surely return again !
 Never more true the season,
 Bringing its fruits and flowers,
 Than, through fortune's freezing,
 Come these friends of ours !

Virtue can patiently languish,
 Though under the scourge of pain,
 When 'round its bed of anguish
 Glides a ministering train !

N

True, they are all hid from us,
 Though waiting around they stand ;
 But they bring us an angel-promise
 Of happiest help at hand !

Though in chains and prison
 Virtue and valor sigh,
 Yet a generous host arisen
 Are working in secret nigh !
 Here's Courage and Faith, who lead 'em,
 And they'll gnaw thro' the wall and chain,
 Aye, die ! but they'll bring to freedom,
 The comrade they love, again.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

KENTUCKY REQUIRED TO YIELD HER ARMS.

Ho ! will the despot trifle
 In dwellings of the free ;
 Kentuckians yield the rifle,
 Kentuckians bend the knee ;
 With dastard fear of danger,
 And trembling at the strife,
 Kentucky, to the stranger,
 Yield liberty for life ?
 Up ! up ! each gallant ranger,
 With rifle and with knife !

The dastard and the traitor,
 The wolf-cub and the snake,

The robber, swindler, hater,
Are in your homes—awake !
Nor let the cunning foeman
Despoil your liberty !
Yield weapon up to no man,
While you can strike and see.
Awake, each gallant yeoman;
If still ye would be free !

Aye, to sight the rifle,
And smite with spear and knife,
Let no base cunning stifle
Each lesson of your life ;
How won your gallant sires
The country which ye keep ?
By soul, which still inspires
The soil on which ye weep !
Leap up ! their spirit fire,
And rouse ye from your sleep !

What ! cry the sires so famous,
In Orleans' ancient field,
Will ye, our children, shame us,
And to the despot yield ?
What ! each brave lesson stifle,
We left to give you life ?
Let apish despots trifle
With home, and child, and wife ?
And yield, O shame ! the rifle,
And sheath, O shame ! the knife ?

FAST AND PRAY,

"I appoint Friday, November 15th, a day of general fasting and prayer."

—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

'Mid the din and strife of battle,
Where death's missiles thickly rattle,
Comrades fall on gory beds,
Cold earth pillows bravest heads,
Lift the heart and pray.

Lonely wife, thy vigils keeping,
While thy tender babes are sleeping,
Midnight's taper dimly gleaming,
'Till the dawn the East is streaming,
Fast and pray.

Southern offspring, patriots all,
Prostrate at your chieftain's call,
Stricken nation's mingled cries
Like one vast petition rise,
Fast and pray.

Humbly, Lord, we come to thee,
Contrite bend the suppliant knee ;
Ruthless foes our land invade,
Feeble efforts deign to aid ;
For this we fast and pray.

(From the Richmond Whig.)

SONS OF FREEDOM.

BY NANNY GRAY.

Sons of Freedom, on to glory,
Go, where brave men *do* or *die*,
Let your names, in future story,
Gladden every patriot's eye ;
'Tis your country calls you, hasten !
Backward hurl the invading foe ;
Freemen never think of danger,—
To the glorious battle go !

Oh ! remember, gallant JACKSON,
Single-handed in the fight,
 Death-blows dealt the fierce marauder,
 For his liberty and right ;
 Tho' he fell beneath their *thousands*,
 Who that covets not his fame ?
 Grand and glorious, brave and noble,
 Henceforth shall be JACKSON's name.

Sons of freedom ! can you linger
 When you hear the battle's roar,
 Fondly dallying with your pleasures,
 When the foe is at your door ?
 Never ! no ! we fear no idlers,
 "Death or Freedom's" now the cry,
 Till the *stars* and *bars* triumphant,
 Spread their folds to every eye.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

WAR SONG.

BY HON. ALEX. B. MEEK.

Would'st thou have me love thee, dearest,
 With a woman's proudest heart,
 Which shall ever hold thee nearest,
 Shrined in its inmost heart ?
 Listen, then ! My country's calling
 On her sons to meet the foe !
 Leave these groves of love and myrtle ;
 Drop thy dreamy harp of love !
 Like young KORNER—scorn the turtle,
 When the eagle screams above !

Dost thou pause ? Let dotards dally—
Do thou for thy country fight !
'Neath her noble emblem rally—
“ God, our country, and her right ! ”
Listen, now her trumpet's calling
On her sons to meet the foe !
Woman's heart is soft and tender,
But 'tis proud and faithful too ;
Shall she be her land's defender ?
Lover ! soldier ! up and do !

Seize thy father's ancient falchion,
Which once flashed as freedom's star !
'Till sweet peace—the bow and halcyon—
Stilled the stormy strife of war.
Listen ! now thy country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe !
Sweet is love in moon-light bowers !
Sweet is the altar and the flame !
Sweet is spring-time, with her flowers !
Sweeter far the patriot's name !

Should the God that smiles above thee,
Doom thee to a soldier's grave,
Hearts will break, but fame will love thee,
Canonized among the brave !
Listen, then ! thy country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe !
Rather would I view thee lying
On the last red field of strife,
'Mid thy country's heroes dying,
Than to be a dastard's wife.

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

WAR SONG.

Esperance!

On! advance!

Southrons, with the ball and lance!

Now's the hour,

To assert your pride, in power,
Make the insolent foeman cower!

Ye have suffered long.

The viper's tooth—the wrong,
Been soothed to base submission by a song!

Let the song that now

Ye sing, be coupled with a vow
Of vengeance, deadly vengeance, on the foe!

Go forth! Be strong!

Go, seek the battle with the soul that braves
The invader followed by his horde of slaves.

Dig ye their graves!

Strike for the glorious earth

That gave ye birth—

The blessed household hearth

That saw your childhood in its innocent mirth!

Strike for the soil beneath,

The skies above;

Strike, though it be in death,

For those you love.

Esperance!

On! advance!

God will give us deliverance!

Though your foes

Swarm in myriads, yet oppose
To them myriad-handed blows!

Oh! by years of wrong,

By fraud, oppression's thong,
 Be strong, nor more deluded by a song !
 Be the song ye sing,
 One, now, that soars upon the eagle-wing
 Of battle, closing ever with a sting !
 Be strong ! Be strong !
 Believe that God is ever with the brave,
 Who march, in arms, their native land to save !
 Your banners wave !
 Strike for the child—the wife,
 Your more than life !
 The homes that are now threatened with the strife.
 Bare to the hilt the hearth-avenging knife !
 Strike for your father's graves,
 Your children's fame ;
 Strike, lest they sink to slaves,
 And ye to shame !

CANNON SONG.

Aha ! a Song ! for the trumpet's tongue !
 For the bugle to sing before us,
 When our gleaming guns, like clarions,
 Shall thunder in battle chorus !

Chorus :

With the cannon's flash and the cannon's crash,
 With the cannon's roar and rattle ;
 Let Freedom's sons, with their shouting guns,
 Go down to their country's battle.

Where the rifles ring ; where the bullets sing ;
 Where the black bombs whistle o'er us,

N*

With rolling wheel and rattling peal

We'll thunder in battle chorus!

With the cannon's flash, etc.

Your brassy throats shall learn the notes

Which make old tyrants quiver,

Till the war is won or each TERRELL gun

Grows cold with our hearts forever!

With the cannon's flash, etc.

Where the laurel waves o'er our brothers' graves,

Who have gone to their rest before us;

Here's a requiem shall sound for them

And thunder in battle chorus.

With the cannon's flash, etc.

By the light that lies in our Southern skies;

By the spirits that watch above us,

By the gentle hands in our summer lands,

And the gentle hearts that love us!

With the cannon's flash, etc.

Our fathers' faith let us keep till death;

Their fame in its cloudless splendor,

As men who stand for their mother land

And die, but never surrender!

With the cannon's flash and the cannon's crash,

With the cannon's roar and rattle;

Let Freedom's sons, with their gleaming guns,

Go down to their country's battle!

TO THE FRONT.

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE.

Hark ! now I hear the distant fire,
Our pickets on the line retire—
They fall back slowly, stern and brave,
Like us, they'll win, or fill a grave—
 This day we'll do or die.

Call me not weak for these few tears :
I think upon my happier years,
I pray but for my child and wife—
Now, in *their* name I seek the strife,
 For them I do or die.

From right to left the long-roll runs—
I hear them limber up the guns—
They go to bear the battle's brunt,
And those who hurry to the front,
 Go there to do or die.

Hear how the brazen trumpets ring !
The troopers to the saddle spring—
Hark, comrades ! how their scabbards clash
As to the front the squadrons dash—
 This day to do or die.

Now, in the sun our colors shine,
Our Regiment forms the battle-line,
There spurs the General and his Staff,
Now victory or—an epitaph,
 This day we do or die.

Hark to the shots—the cannon peals !
Hark to the charging horses' heels !
And now each heart swells high and large,
The order comes for us to charge !
 We go to do or die.

SONG.

Written for the "Gilmer Blues" of Lexington, Ga.

BY E. YOUNG.

AIR—"Dixie's Land."

I.

Comrades, come and join the chorus,
Sing for the land whose flag waves o'er us,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Dixie's Land.
Bright as the sun that shines upon her
Is th' escutcheon of her honor.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Dixie's Land.
 God bless the Land of Dixie !
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 By Dixie's land we take our stand
 To live and die for Dixie.
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 We'll live and die for Dixie.

II.

Land of heroes ! Land of sages !
Brightest land on history's pages !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Dixie's Land.
Land of freedom ! Land of beauty !
To love her is our highest duty.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Dixie's Land.
 God bless the Land of Dixie !
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 By Dixie's Land we take our stand
 To live and die for Dixie.
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 We'll live and die for Dixie.

III.

With fire, and sword, and gleaming armor,
The Northern horde come down to harm her,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Dixie's Land.

But foot to foot we rush to meet them,
And to bloody graves we'll greet them,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Dixie's Land.

Our swords are out for Dixie,
 Hurrah ! hurrah !

No hostile foot shall long pollute
The sacred soil of Dixie,
 Hurrah ! hurrah !

We'll drive the dogs from Dixie.

IV.

From every hill and every valley,
To her flag her children rally,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Dixie's Land.

Arm'd in the cause of right and freedom,
The God of hosts himself shall lead them,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Dixie's Land.

Who will not fight for Dixie ?
 Away ! away !

His traitor heart shall have no part
In the sacred soil of Dixie,
 Away ! away !

He shall not sleep in Dixie.

(From the Southern Field and Fireside.)

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Lay him down gently, where shadows lie still
And cool, by the side of the bright mountain rill,
Where spreads the soft grass it's velvety sheen,
A welcoming couch for repose so serene ;
Where opening flowers their aroma breathe
From clustering tendrils that lovingly wreath,
And quivering leaves their murmurous song
In whispers are chanting the bright summer long—
There lay the young hero. See, from his side
Flows swiftly the current whose dark, pulsing tide
Is bearing away the bright sands of life,
And closing forever this wild dream of strife.
Feebly uncloses the fast dimming eye,
Once bright as the jewels that light up the sky ;
A moment he looks on the bough-spreading dome,
Then whispers, in anguish, " Oh ; take—take me home !
But no ! far away o'er mountain and fen,
Lies the home that I ne'er shall enter again ;
Whose loving ones wait to welcome in joy,
Back to its sun-light, their own soldier-boy.
Father, when proudly you gave up your child,
And brushed back the tears while your lips sadly smiled,
How vague was the thought that we never more
Should meet 'till we stood on eternity's shore.
And, mother, again I feel thy hot tears
Rain on my cheek. Not the mildew of years,
Nor shadows of death can tarnish the bliss,
The blessing you gave in that last, holy kiss.
Oh ! darkly shall gather clouds o'er the hearth
That echoed once gaily with music and mirth ;
Oh, God ! may Thy Spirit be there to sustain,
When record shall mingle my name with the slain.

And one, too, whose fair cheek whiter still grew
As I pressed on her lip my last sad adieu !
Will she soon forget?" Then, raising his hand,
He lovingly gazed on the small golden band
That 'circled his finger—while over his face
The grey shadows of death seemed stealing apace.
"Dear comrades, farewell—my battles are o'er,
Together in conflict we'll rally no more ;
'Tis bitter to die ere my country is free,
But painted in glory her future I see.
Farewell ! life is o'er, earth fades from my sight,
Around me is closing death's long, dreamless night."
Thus, softly as star-light melts into day,
On pinions of angels, his soul passed away.
Those strong men are bowed—in anguish they weep
O'er the dead still so fair, in death's quiet sleep.
Then, parting the flowers, they laid him to rest,
And heaped the green sod o'er the young martyr's breast.
Weep, heart of the South—weep maiden and sire,
Wreathe darkly with cypress love's bright mystic lyre—
Weep for the Heroes, so brave and so free,
Who nobly have yielded their life-blood for thee !

IN DEATH UNITED.

BY G. A. M.

Surely in life's final moments,
Ere the spirit takes its flight,
Gleams of Heaven are vouchsafed us,
Hid 'til then from mortal sight.

A soldier, on his lonely pallet
Sinking to eternal rest,
To the patient nurse beside him,
Thus his dying wish exprest:

“ Do not leave me—while life lingers,
Give me woman’s tender care ;
Wife and mother, far, far distant,
Let me dream that they are near !”

So the nurse consenting, seated,
Wiped the death-damps from his brow
And in every weak pulsation,
Watch’d his life’s receding flow.

Suddenly, a beam of gladness
Sparkled in his glazing eye ;
His arms were twined as if embracing
Some viewless form in ecstacy ;

While he spake in joyful accents:
“ Have we met again at last !”
And in the expiring effort,
Tranquilly his spirit pass’d.

Ere his form to earth was rendered,
Tidings came that on the day
And in the hour he thus departed,
His faithful wife had passed away !

Let us hope, tho’ far asunder,
Now they lie beneath the sod,
Joyfully their souls commingle
In the bosom of their God !

Ah ! surely in life’s final moment,
Ere the spirit takes its flight,
Gleams of Heaven are vouchsafed us,
Hid ’til then from mortal sight.

THE SENTINEL.

When the curtains are drawn and the candles are lit,
And cozy and warm by the fire-side I sit,
My thoughts wander off from the themes I love most,
To the cold, lonely sentinel on his dark post.

When bleak blows the wintry wind over the plain,
And cheerlessly driveth the pitiless rain,
I turn on my pillow and start at the sound,
As I think of the sentinel walking his round.

For faithful he stands, in the morning's grey light,
Or alone with the tempest when darkest the night,
All unsheltered from wind, or from rain, or from snow,
In silence and solitude, watching the foe.

And though marshalled strong in embattled array,
Our foes wait the moment to spring on their prey ;
Yet our army and nation may sleep without fear,
For his signal shall warn when their cohorts appear.

Ere again into slumber my eyelids are driven,
My heart and my lips frame petitions to Heaven,
That the angels of God may the sentinel keep
Who painfully watches while we sweetly sleep.

“ O Thou, whom the winds and the waters obey,”
I pray, “ lull the storm, drive the dark clouds away,
And to brighten his watch, and his lone hours beguile,
Send the stars with their light and the moon with her smile.

“ And his bosom to warm and his spirit to cheer,
Give him sweet thoughts of home and of those he holds dear,
And let Hope paint the future in colors so bright,
As to lighten around him the darkness of night.”

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

SONG OF THE SENTINEL.

Sleep, comrade! sleep in slumbers deep!
No foe across our line shall creep;
No hireling horde, with sudden screams,
Shall break of home your peaceful dreams.

In calm repose till morn unclose
Its brightness o'er the earth that glows
With beauty in the midnight lost,
I'll faithful wait and watch my post.

The chilling blast, the snow-flake fast,
From the dim, darkling clouds that's cast—
Nor biting frost, nor raining spell,
Shall faithless find the sentinel.

But, gently as the morning stays,
To loved ones left fond memory strays;
And thoughts of home keep bright the eye
That watches for a foeman nigh.

Dear hearts at home! no harm shall come,
No danger near your peaceful dome,
If faithful sentinel can keep
The dangers from your dwelling. Sleep!

For ah! even sleeping, well I know,
As night e'er finds the stars aglow,
Affection keeps his image bright
That watches in the "stilly night!"

And in their prayers, and in their tears,
The triumph of our cause appears;

And strength is given of heart and hand
To drive the spoiler from our land.

Sleep, comrades! sleep in slumbers deep!
No foe across our line shall creep;
No hireling horde, with sudden screams,
Shall break of home your peaceful dreams.

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM--"IN HIS BLANKET ON THE GROUND."

BY CAROLINE HOWARD GLOVER.

Weary, weary, lies the soldier
In his blanket on the ground,
With no sweet "Good night" to cheer him,
And no tender voice's sound
Making music in the darkness,
Making light his toilsome hours,
Like a sun-beam in the forest,
Or a tomb wreathed o'er with flowers.

Thoughtful, hushed he lies, and tearful,
As his memories sadly roam
To the "cozy little parlor"
And the loved ones of his home,—
And his waking and his dreaming
Softly blend themselves in one,
As the twilight is the mingling
Of the starlight and the sun.

And when sleep descends upon him,
 Still his thought within his dream
Is of home, and friends, and loved ones,
 And his busy fancies seem
To be *real* as they wander
 To a mother's cherished form,
As she gently said in parting,
 "Thine in sunshine and in storm,
Thine in helpless childhood's morning,
 And in boyhood's joyous time,
Thou must leave me now—God watch thee
 In thy manhood's ripened prime."

Or, mayhap, amid the phantoms
 Teeming through his brain,
His dear father's locks o'er-silvered
 Come to greet his view again,—
And he hears his trembling accents,
 Like a clarion singing high,
"Since *not mine* are youth and strength, boy,
 Thou must victor prove, or die."

Or, perchance, he hears a whisper
 Of the faintest, faintest sigh,
Something deeper than word spoken,
 Something breathing of a tie
Near his soul as bounding heart-blood,
 It is hers, that patient wife,—
And again that parting seemeth
 Like a taking leave of life;
And her last kiss he remembers,
 And the agonizing thrill,
And the "Must you go?" and answer
 "I but know *My Country's will*."

Or the little children gather,
Half in wonder, 'round his knees,
And the faithful dog, mute, watchful,
In the mystic glass he sees ;
And the voice of songs, and pictures,
And the simplest homestead flowers,
Unforgotten crowd before him
In the solemn, midnight hours.

Then his thoughts in dreamland wander
To a sister's sweet caress,
And he feels her dear lips quiver
As his own they fondly press ;
And he hears her proudly saying,
(Though sad tears are in her eyes),
"Brave men fall, but live in Glory,
For the Hero never dies !"

Or perhaps his brown cheek flushes
And his heart beats quicker now,
As he thinks of one who gave him—
Him, the loved one, love's sweet vow ;
And, ah, fondly he remembers
He is *still* her dearest care,—
E'en in his star-watched slumber
That she pleads for him in prayer.

Oh, the soldier *will* be dreaming,
Dreaming *often* of us all,
(When the damp earth is his pillow,
And the snow and cold sleet fall),
Of the dear familiar faces,
Of the cozy, curtained room,
Of the flitting of the shadows
In the twilight's pensive gloom.

Or when summer suns burn o'er him,
Bringing drought and dread disease,
And the throes of wasting fever
Come his weary frame to seize,—
In the restless sleep of sickness
Doomed, perchance, to martyr-death,
Hear him whisper "*Home*"—sweet cadence,
With his quickened, labored breath.

Then God bless him, bless the soldier,
And God nerve him for the fight,
May he lend his arm new prowess
To do battle for the right :
Let him feel that while he's dreaming
In his fitful slumber bound,
That we're praying—*God watch o'er him*
In his blanket on the ground.

HOMESPUN.

The air is balmy with the breath
Of the early coming Spring,
And yet the sweet South breeze to me
No other thought can bring,
Than of the arms that clasped me fondly to his breast,
As through my tears I saw him, clad in his homespun dress.

I saw him in the winding ranks ;
The sun it glittering played,
Like a halo of glory round his head
And upon his trusty blade.
I envied the steed that bore him, and the comrade at his side,
And prayed that God would guard him, whatever might
betide.

Oh! sun, and dew, and storm, and rain,
I prithee gently fall,
And may the guardian angel's wing
Avert the deadly ball:
That glory won,
And duty done,
I once again may press
The hand of him I dearly love, clad in his homespun dress.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

THE BOY SOLDIER.

BY A LADY OF SAVANNAH.

He is acting o'er the battles,
With his cap and feather gay,
Singing out his soldier prattle,
In a mocking manly way—
With the boldest, bravest footstep,
Treading firmly up and down,
And his banner waving softly,
O'er his boyish locks of brown.
And I sit beside him sewing,
With a busy heart and hand,
For the gallant soldier's going
To the far-off battle land—
And I gaze upon my jewel,
In his baby spirit bold,
My little blue-eyed soldier,
Just a second summer old.

Still deep, deep well of feeling
In my mother's heart is stirred,
And the tears come softly stealing
At each imitative word !

- There's a struggle in my bosom,
For I love my darling boy—
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy !
Yet I think upon my country,
And my spirit groweth bold—
O ! I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old !

I would speed him to the battle—
I would arm him for the fight ;
I would give him to his country,
For his country's wrong and right !
I would nerve his hand with blessing
From the "God of Battles" won—
With *His* helmet, and *His* armor,
I would cover o'er my son !

O ! I *know* there'd be a struggle,
For I love my darling boy ;
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy !
Yet, in thinking on my country,
O ! my spirit groweth bold !
And I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old.

MY ONLY BOY.

BY ELLEN A. MORIARTY.

O, let me weep! Who would not weep?
He was my only boy;
The last of all his father's race,
He proudly held that father's place.
Ah! oft his cherished sire I'd trace
In him, my only boy.

We heard the rushing waves of war—
My boy's dark eye flashed bright.
I watched him with an anxious heart,
O, how rebellious tears would start!—
A fearful, fearful thing to part
From him, my only boy.

He came and knelt beside my knee—
“O, mother, let me go!
The haughty foe advanceth nigh,
I hear my country's battle-cry.
'Twere sweet for her dear cause to die”—
Thus spake my only boy.

I buckled on his grand-sire's sword,
I saw my child depart.
“Elate with glorious victory,
Or never, come I back to thee.
Dear mother, shed no tears for me.”
Thus said my only boy.

My child! my child! my only child!
I am no mother now.
Thy bright, young beauty 'mid the slain
They found on Belmont's bloody plain—

My country, give me back again
My child, my only boy !

No—Rest thee sweet, my patriot boy,
I'll hush my wild complaint.
Why should I weep thy loss, my son ?
Thy glorious part in life was done,
Thou sleepest, thy great victory won,
My child, my only boy !

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

THINKING OF THE SOLDIERS.

We were sitting around the table
Just a night or two ago,
In the little cozy parlor,
With the lamp-light burning low—
And the window-blinds half opened
For the summer air to come,
And the painted curtain moving
Like a busy pendulum.
O ! the cushions on the sofa,
And the pictures on the wall,
And the gathering of comforts
In the old, familiar hall—
And the wagging of the pointer,
Lounging idly by the door,
And the flitting of the shadows
From the ceiling to the floor—
O ! they 'wakened in my spirit,
Like the beautiful in Art,
Such a busy, busy thinking—

Such a dreaminess of heart ;
That I sat among the shadows
With my spirit all astray,
Thinking only—thinking only—
Of the soldiers far away !
Of the tent beneath the moon-light,
Of the tattoo's stirring sound,
Of the soldier in his blanket,
In his blanket on the ground !
Of the icy winter coming,
Of the bleak, bleak winds that blow,
And the soldier in his blanket,
In his blanket on the snow !
Of the blight upon the heather,
And the frost upon the hill,
And the whistling, whistling ever,
And the never, *never still*,
Of the little leaflets falling,
With the sweetest, saddest sound—
And the soldier, oh ! the soldier
In his blanket on the ground.
Thus I lingered in my dreaming,
In my dreaming far away,
Till the spirit's picture-painting
Seemed as vivid as the day ;
And the moon-light faded slowly
From the window opened wide,
And the faithful, faithful pointer
Nestled closer by my side ;
And I know beneath the star-light,
Tho' the chilly frosts may fall,
That the soldier will be dreaming,
Dreaming often of us all.
So I give my spirit's painting
Just the *heathening* of a sound,
For the dreaming, dreaming soldier,
In his slumber on the ground !

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

BY WILLIAM SHEPARDSON.

I ride the cold and dark night through,
No moon or stars to point the way—
The bleak winds whistle wildly, too.
How oft this lonely road I've made,
When golden sunshine 'round it played,
And sported with the zephyr gay.

I leave the garden far behind ;
O'er dead and fallen leaves I ride,
While thro' the branches howls the wind.
How oft this spot, when decked with flowers,
And love held court within its bowers,
Has seen a fair maid by my side.

Gone, now, is Phœbus' golden light,
Low lie the roses on the ground,
And one loved soul has taken flight.
Here I ride through the land again,
Thro' winter-storm, and dark, and rain,
And scout the country well around.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

COAST GUARD COGITATIONS.

BY CARLOS.

I.

On the cold, white sand
Of a wave-washed strand,
A weary soldier was dreaming,
While pearly light
Of moonbeams bright
Was over the soldier beaming.

II.

The diamond spray
Of moonlit bay,
Dashed wildly at his feet ;
His thoughts were far
From scenes of war,
Where voices of loved ones meet.

III.

The joyous thrill !
The words that fill
The heart of the soldier dreaming ;
The soft, white arm—
The love-kiss warm—
Are all too real for seeming.

IV.

In dreams of joy
The soldier boy
Cares nought for the coming morrow ;
Yet the booming gun
Of the morning sun
May usher a day of sorrow.

V.

On the cool white sand
Of a wave-washed strand
A soldier then may be sleeping ;
While around the bed
Of the soldier—dead—
No sorrowing friends be weeping

VI.

Yet angel eyes,
From azure skies,
Far over the moonlit wave,
Their tears of dew
Will softly strew
On the sleeping soldier's grave.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
And, smiling, all her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles—
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What tho' her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot's brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

(From the N. O. Picayune.)

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S SONG.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Little needle swiftly fly,
Brightly glittering as you go ;
Every time that you pass by
Warm's my heart with pity's glow.
Dreams of comfort that will cheer,
Through winter's cold the volunteer,
Dreams of courage you will bring,
Smile on me like flowers in spring.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Swiftly little needle fly,
Through this flannel soft and warm ;
Though with cold the soldier sigh,
This will sure keep out the storm.
Set the buttons close and tight,
Out to shut the winter's damp ;
There'll be none to fix them right
In the soldier's tented camp.

Stitch, stitch, stitch ;
Ah! needle, do not linger ;
Close the thread, make firm the knot ;
There'll be no dainty finger
To arrange a seam forgot.
Though small and tiny you may be,
Do all you are able ;
A lion once a *mouse* set free,
As says the pretty fable.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Swiftly little needle glide,
Thine's a pleasant labor ;

To clothe the soldier be thy pride,
While he wields the sabre.
Ours are tireless hearts and hands ;
To Southern wives and mothers,
All who join our warlike bands
Are our friends and brothers.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Little needle swiftly fly,
From the morning until eve,
As the moments pass thee by,
These substantial comforts weave.
Busy thoughts are at our hearts—
Thoughts of hopeful cheer,
As we toil till day departs
For the noble volunteer.

Quick, quick, quick,
Swifter little needle go ;
From our home's most pleasant fires
Let a loving greeting flow
To our brothers and our sires.
We have tears for those who fall,
Smiles for those who laugh at fear—
Hope and sympathy for all,
Every noble volunteer.

KNITTING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

BY MARY J. UPSHUR.

Knitting for the soldiers !
How the needles fly !
Now with sound of merriment,
Now with many a sigh.

Knitting for the soldiers !
Panoply for feet—
Onward bound to victory,
Rushing on retreat.

Knitting for the soldiers !
Wrinkled, aged crone
Plying flying needles
By the ember stone.

Crooning ancient ballads,
Rocking to and fro ;
In your sage divining
Say where these shall go.

Jaunty set of stockings,
Neat from tip to toe,
March they with the victor,
Lie with vanquished low.

Knitting for the soldiers !
Matron—merry maid,
Many and many a blessing,
Many a prayer is said,

While the glittering needles
Fly “around—around,”

P*

Like to Macbeth's witches
On enchanted ground.

Knitting for the soldiers
Still another pair!
And the feet that wear them
Speed they onward—where?

To the silent city
On their trackless way?
Homeward—bearing garlands?
Who of us shall say?

Knitting for the soldiers!
Heaven bless them all!
Those who win the battle—
Those who fighting fall.

Might our benedictions
Speedily win reply,
Early would they crown ye
All with victory!

THE RIGHT ABOVE THE WRONG.

BY JOHN W. OVERALL.

In other days our father's love was loyal, full, and free,
For those they left behind them on the Island of the Sea;
They fought the battles of King GEORGE, and toasted him in
song,
For then the Right kept proudly down the tyranny of Wrong.

But when the King's weak, willing slaves laid tax upon the tea,
The Western men rose up and braved the Island of the Sea ;
And swore a mighty oath to God, those men of iron might,
That in the end the Wrong should die, and up should go
the Right.

The King sent over hireling hordes, Briton, Hessian, Scot,
And swore in turn those Western men, when caught, should
all be shot ;
While CHATHAM spoke with fiery tongue against the hire-
ling throng,
And mournfully saw the Right go down and place give to
the Wrong.

And when again in other days from out the Northern Sea,
The eager foe came gaily o'er to subjugate the free ;
All undismayed those Western men seized rifles keen and
long,
And swore a fearful oath the Right should subjugate the
Wrong.

The world looked on in mute surprise—the fight uncertain
grew,
But suddenly our stars rose up amid a field of blue ;
For JACKSON fought on red Chalmette and won the glorious
fight,
And in the end, hurrah ! the Wrong was beaten by the Right !

The time has come again, when all who love the beauteous
South
Must needs defend the angel Right, though at the cannon's
mouth ;
For foes accursed of God and man, with lying speed and
song,
Would bind, imprison, hang the Right, and deify the Wrong.

But gleaming steel, and canting knave, or sanctimonious fool,
Will never win this Southern land to cripple, bind, and rule;
We'll muster on each bloody plain thick as the stars of night,
And, by the help of God, the Wrong shall perish by the Right!

A SOUTHERN SCENE FROM LIFE.

“O, Mammy, have you heard the news?”

Thus spoke a Southern child,

As in her nurse’s aged face

She upward glanced and smiled.

“What news you mean, my little one?

It mus’ be mighty fine,

To make my darlin’s cheek so red,

Her merry blue eyes shine.”

“Why, ABRAM LINCOLN—he, you know,

The Yankee President,

Whose ugly picture once we saw,

When up to town we went;

Well, he is going to free you all,

And make you rich and grand,

And you’ll be dressed in silks and gold,

Like the proudest in the land.

“A gilded coach shall carry you

Whene’er you wish to ride,

And, Mammy, all your work shall be

Forever laid aside.”

The eager speaker paused for breath—

And then the old nurse said,
While closer to her swarthy cheek
She pressed the golden head—

“ My little Missis stop an’ rest,
You’s talkin’ mighty fas’,
Jist look up dar and tell me what
You sees in yonder glass ?
You sees old Mammy’s wrinkly face
As black as any coal,
An’ underneath her hankercher,
Whole heaps of knotty wool.

“ My baby’s face is white an’ red,
Her skin is soft an’ fine,
An’ on her pretty little head
The yaller ringlets shine ;
My chile, who makes dis diff’rence
’Twixt Mammy and ’twixt you ?
You reads de dear Lord’s blessed Book,
An’ you kin tell me true.

“ De good God says it mus’ be so,
An’ honey, I, for one,
Wid tankful heart will always say
His holy will be done !
I tanks Mass’ LINKIN all de same,
But when I wants for free,
I’ll ask de Lord of Glory,
Not poor buckera like he.

“ An’ as for gilded carriages,
Dey’s nothin’ ’t all to see,
My Marster’s coach dat carries him
Is good enough for me ;

An' honey, when your Mammy wants
To change her homespun dress,
She'll pray, like dear, ole Missis,
To be 'clothed wid righteousness.'

My work's been done dis many a day,
An' now I takes my ease,
A-waitin' for de Marster's call,
Jest when ole Marster please;
An' when, at last, de time's done come,
An' poor ole Mammy dies,
Your own dear Mother's soft, white hand
Shall close dese tired eyes.

"De dear Lord Jesus soon will call
Old Mammy home to him,
An' he kin wash her guilty soul
From every spot of sin;
An' at His feet I shill sit down,
Who died an' rose for me,
An' den, an' not 'till den, my chile,
Your Mammy will be free.

"My chile, dey say when monkeys clime,
Dey always shows dere tails,
And dis ole monkey better had
Staid splittin' of his rails.
Come, little Missis, say your *prayers*,
Let ole Marse LINKIN 'lone,
De Debbil knows who b'longs to him,
An' he'll take care his own!"

UNCLE JERRY.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE, M. D.

Why, JERRY! what means all this sadness and fear ?
Here's your bitters, man ! why do you cry ?
Who told you I'd sell you ? the trader that's here ?
By zounds, sir ! he told you a lie !
When I sell the gold ring from my dead mother's hand,
Or the sword which my grandfather bore,
When at Guilford his troopers made such a bold stand,
I will sell you—and not before !

Why, don't you remember my face as a boy's,
When often I sat on your knee,
Whilst you sang, in your rugged, monotonous voice,
Your foolish old ballads to me ?
I wept at your sad ones, and laughed at your gay,
And made you repeat them all o'er ;
Ah ! when I forgot my life's happiest day,
I will sell you—and not before !

You made the boat which I launched on the tide,
And my traps for the birds in the snow ;
You led my bay pony, and taught me to ride,
And half the good things which I know.
You wept like a child when they sent me to school,
To be absent for six months or more ;
When you are a villain, or I am a fool,
I will sell you—and not before !

If poverty's cup I am sentenced to drain,
I will part with you—last of them all ;
Your kindness, old JERRY ! would double my pain,
And your sorrows embitter my fall.
If fate or misfortune should cause us to part,
There's a God will unite us once more !
So drink my good health, and console your old heart,
And love me and serve, as before.

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

THE COTTON BOLL.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Here, stretched at ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere;
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here,
And shown with boastful smiles,) I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands;—
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noon-day light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where

No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place,
So vast a cirque of summer space,
As widens 'round me in one mighty field
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest day-light in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns ;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star !
And, lo ! to the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snows,
The endless field is white ;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar sands would flash beneath a tropic day !
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands,
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,—
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale,—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see
Beneath its simple influence,
As if, with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down !)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green

With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod ;—
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold,
Broad rivers wind their devious ways ;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays ;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks, cloud-crowned ;
And, save where up their sides the plowman creeps,
Great trackless forests gird them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps !
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth !
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentle rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers !
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers !
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man !

But these are charms already widely blown !
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom ;
The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs !
But who shall utter all the debt
O, Land, wherein all powers are met

That bind a people's heart !
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own !
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships,
That bear no thunders ; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands ;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands ;
And, gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind !
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country, and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall, and Heaven bend
In blue above thee ; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark ; make thee great
In white and bloodless state ;
And haply, as the years increase,—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large Wisdom which the Ages teach,—
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace.

As men who labor in a mine
Beneath the deep Atlantic bed—
What time a storm is rolling overhead,—
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,

Or carve a niche, or shape the arched roof ;
So I, as calmly weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles ; and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear
Upon the Northern winds the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears.

I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord ! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release !

And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood !

Oh ! help us, Lord ! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us ! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy ! and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate

There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western
Seas !

CHRISTMAS DAY, A. D. 1861.

BY M. J. H.

The year's high festival is come,
The time of careless mirth,
Of glad reunions in each home,
Glad gatherings round each hearth,
The harvest-time of song and glee,
And hospitable revelry.

In other lands, more blessed climes,
Glad hearts a welcome beat,
And pealing bells with merry chimes
The festal season greet:
Green boughs are gathered for the walls,
And banquets spread in festive halls.

But unto us it brings but tears,
And painful memories—
Of the bright scenes of happier years,
Sadly compared with these:
Regrets for blissful moments fled,
Anticipations fraught with dread.

No festive garlands now we twine
For walls all echoless;
No viands rare and costly wine
Our vacant boards oppress;
The empty chairs of every hearth
With sad suggestions banish mirth.

Each household mourns some loved one gone,
The husband, son, or sire;
Now met to talk of friends and home,
Around the red camp-fire:

Q*

God knows if e'er their presence cheer
The hearts of those they hold most dear.

For some, who the last Christmas time
Were with us blithe and gay ;
Whose step and voice made pleasant chime—
Whose smile illumined the day,
Now pale and silent with the dead
Sleep in the warrior's gory bed.

And many a home whose happy light,
And hearth whose cheerful glow,
Then shone o'er scenes of pure delight
As mortals ever know,
Now shows a ruined, blackened heap,
Where screaming owls their night-watch keep.

Or sacked by thievish, Vandal hands,
Empty and desolate,
A silent monument it stands,
Of cruel wrong and hate ;
Or else its walls, the owners fled,
Now echo to the foeman's tread.

O God of Hosts ! whose arm of might
Did Israel's foes o'erthrew,
Shall not Thy justice aid the right
Against this ruthless foe ?
Wilt Thou not stay the robber horde
Who waste our land with fire and sword ?

O Christ, our Saviour, at whose birth
The angels sang of peace,
To mark whose coming upon earth
Carnage and strife did cease—

Thou "Prince of Peace," restore its reign,
And make us taste its joys again.

Grant when another year shall bring
The anniversary day
Of thine Advent, our hearts may sing
A holy, joyous lay
Of thankfulness and praise to Thee,
Whose arm hath brought us victory.

(From the Southern Field and Fireside.)

REQUIEM FOR 1861.

BY H. C. B.

Year of terror, year of strife,
Year with evil passions rife,
Pass, with seething angry flood,
Pass, with garments dipped in blood.

Born 'mid hopes, but raised in fears,
With thy dew-drops changed to tears,
With thy spring-time turned to blight,
And with darkness quenching light.

Can no mighty Lethean wave
Hide thee in a watery grave ?
Can no tide thy track efface ?
From the heart thy scroll erase ?

War's fierce tread upon our land,
Severing once a kindred band ;
Child and father ranged for strife,
Brother seeking brother's life !

Sad thy record ! shadows loom
O'er a stricken nation's doom ;
Yet we hope for dawning light,
Freedom's morning, from thy night.

Hide our griefs beneath thy bier
Blood and death, in ghostly tier ;
Weary sickness wasting life,
Surer than the foeman's strife.

Households broken—little feet
Standing by the empty seat ;
Wives turned weeping from the door
Where the husband comes no more.

Can we mourn thee, fearful year ?
No ! the bark of time we steer
From the maelstrom of thy wrath,
From the fire along thy path.

Leave thy ashes with the past :
Let not darkness from thee cast
Shadows o'er the coming day,
Blood-drops on the New Year's way.

Thou who dost unsheath the sword
By the power of Thy word,
And can by Thy mighty will
To the waves say " peace, be still."

Gather up this storm once more,
Where " Thy judgments are in store,"
Send Thy holy dove of peace,
And our fettered land release.

(From the Field and Fireside.)

GOD BLESS OUR LAND!

Anthem of the Confederate States.

BY E. YOUNG, Lexington, Ga.

I.

Oh God! our only King—
To Thee our hearts we bring;
Now hear us whilst we sing,
 God bless our land!
Grant her prosperity,
Crown her with Liberty—
From mountain to the sea,
 God bless our land!

II.

With all Thy bounty yields,
Crown Thou her harvest fields;
And when the sword she wields,
 Strengthen her hand:
O'er every enemy
Give her the victory;
Thou mad'st her, keep her—free;
 God bless our land!

III.

In Arts and Letters still
May she increase, until
Time shall his course fulfill;
 God bless our land!
Her coffers fill with wealth;
Her children bless with health;
God bless our commonwealth—
 God bless our land!

IV.

May Justice, Truth and Love
 So all her counsels move,
 That in all good she prove
 First of all lands :
 Pattern of excellence,
 Bulwark of innocence—
 Freedom's secure defence.
 God bless our land !

V.

Chiefly, oh ! God, we pray
 Grant that her children may
 Always Thy will obey.
 God bless our land !
 Daily may songs of praise
 From grateful hearts upraise,
 Blessing Thy name always,
 God bless our land !

VI.

Thou, in whose sight we stand,
 Bless now our native land ;
 And from each hostile hand
 Guard all her coasts !
 In this her darkest hour,
 When perils round her lower,
 Make manifest Thy power,
 Oh Lord of Hosts !

VII.

Thou, in the days of old,
 Our fathers did'st uphold,
 When they, for Right made bold,
 Unsheathed the sword.

We for the liberty
 Which they received from Thee,
 Now meet the enemy :
 Help us, oh Lord !

VIII.

Thou art the God of Might—
 God of the Truth and Right :
 'Tis in their cause we fight—
 Be Thou our aid !
 Strike with us 'gainst the foe ;
 Cause his swift overthrow,
 That all the earth may know
 Thou art our aid !

CLOUDS IN THE WEST.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Hark ! on the wind that whistles from the West,
 A manly shout for instant succor comes
 From men who fight, outnumbered, breast to breast,
 With rage-indented drums !

Who dare for child, wife, country—stream and strand,
 Tho' but a fraction to the swarming foe,
 There—at the flooded gateways of the land,
 To stem a torrent's flow.

To arms ! brave sons of each embattled State
 Whose queenly standard is a Southern star :
 Who would be free, must ride the lists of Fate
 On Freedom's victor-car !

Forsake the field, the shop, the mart, the hum
Of craven traffic for the mustering clan;
The dead themselves are pledged that you shall come
And prove yourself—a man.

That sacred turf where first a thrilling grief
Was felt which taught you Heaven alone disposes—
God! can you live to see a foreign thief
Contaminate its roses?

Blow, summoning trumpets, a compulsive stave
Thro' all the bounds, from Beersheba to Dan:
Come out! come out! who scorns to be a slave,
Or claims to be a man!

Hark! on the breezes whistling from the West,
A manly shout for instant succor comes
From men who fight, outnumbered, breast to breast,
With rage-indentured drums!

Who charge and cheer amid the murderous din
Where still your battle-flags, unbended wave,
Dying for what your fathers died to win,
And you must fight to save.

Ho! shrilly fifes that stir the vales from sleep,
Ho! brazen thunders from the mountains hoar;
The very waves are marshalling on the deep
While tempests tread the shore!

Arise and swear, your palm-engirdled land
Shall burial only yield a bandit-foe;
Then, spring upon the caitiffs, steel in hand,
And strike the fated blow.

ZOLLICOFFER.

BY H. L. FLASH.

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

And the blood that flowed from his hero heart,
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In Heaven a home with the brave and blessed,
And for his soul's sustaining,
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ—
And nothing on earth remaining,

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
A name in song and story,
And Fame to shout with her brazen voice,
“DIED ON THE FIELD OF GLORY.”

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

LINES.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

We have suffered defeat, as the bravest may suffer;
Shall we leave unavenged our dead comrade's gore?
O! rather, my brothers, rise up in your manhood,
And strive as no nation e'er battled before.

Come ! rush from the mountains, the lowlands, the valleys—
 Rush on like the avalanche freed from its spell,
 And lash the base cohorts that throng to enslave us,
 With stripes that shall give them a foretaste of hell.

Our women to hearth-stone and altar appealing,
 Say—"Shield us from ruin, or die where you stand ;
 Our children, Oh God ? can we fondle and bless them,
 While anarchy threatens, while despots command ?"

No ! rise in the strength and the glow of our valor,
 And strike a great blow that shall ring thro' the world—
 A blow that shall shatter your fetters forever,
 And leave your proud banner forever unfurled.

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

THE BLOCKADERS.

Dedicated to A. LINCOLN.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I.

Across this threatening ocean tide,
 I see the despot's vessels ride,
 And o'er them, like a frown of doom,
 The blood-red vapors sternly loom.

II.

Both God's and Nature's kind decree
 Ordained, "the ocean waves are free!"
 But tyrant hate, and tyrant will,
 Would baffle God, and Nature still.

III.

• Oh ! Minions of yon brainless fool,
Who apes the wiser patriot's rule—
Ye may our ports, our trade control—
Who *can* blockade a Nation's soul ?

IV.

Where'er the thoughts and hopes of men
Ascend beyond thy vulgar ken,
Where'er pure Liberty upholds
Her banner with its star-bright folds.

V.

Thou would'st destroy the patriot's trust,
And turn his noblest deeds to dust,
Would'st wring his heart, pollute his shrine,
And lower the hero's faith to thine !

VI.

Vain ! vain ! Thy *ships* may rule the *wave*,
Thou can'st not awe the true, the brave—
And patriot Passion's curbless sea
Shall yet o'erwhelm all knaves like thee !

(From the Charleston Courier.)

THE MERRIMAC.*

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I.

We listened to the thunder
Of her mighty guns for hours,
'Till the air seemed rent asunder
By their detonating powers ;
Yet, we did not dread disaster,
Whomsoe'er she might attack—
For there floated not thy Master,
Thou gallant Merrimac !
Thou iron-clad Invincible !
Though storm, or battle-wreck,
May gird thee with the fires of Hell,
Imperial Merrimac !

II.

Across the shuddering water
'Till nightfall, we could hear
The booming sounds of slaughter
Rise terrible, and clear ;
But a sudden roar of gladness
Rang out o'er shore and wood,
That made our joy a madness,
When the cause was understood ;
For twice three hundred Hessian slaves
Before thy single track,
Had perished in the burning waves
That bore Thee ! Merrimac !

* I have retained the vessel's old name for purely rhythmical ends.

III.

And long, long after sun-set
Thy steady thunders rolled,
And the fury of thy onset—
May ne'er in words be told—
So, when with billows gory
The tide of strife went down,
We knew what awful glory
Had crowned our young Renown ;
And we trusted that the Future days
Might call her prowess back,
Embalming in immortal lays
Our noble Merrimac !

IV.

We listened to the thunder—
Of her mighty guns for hours,
Till the air seemed rent asunder
By their detonating powers ;
Yet, we did not dread disaster,
Whomsoe'er she might attack—
For there floateth not thy Master,
Thou gallant Merrimac !
Thou iron-clad Invincible !
Though storm, or battle-wreck,
May gird thee with the fires of Hell,
Imperial Merrimac !

THE TURTLE.

CÆSAR, afloat with his fortunes !
And all the world agog
Straining its eyes
At a thing that lies
In the water, like a log !
It's a weasel ! a whale !
I see it's tail !
It's a porpoise ! a pollywog !

Tarnation ! it's a *turtle* !
And blast my bones and skin,
My hearties, sink her,
Or else you'll think her
A regular terror—pin !

The frigate poured a broadside !
The bombs, they whistled well,
But—hit old Nick
With a sugar stick !
It didn't phase her shell !

Piff, from the creature's larboard,
And dipping along the water
A bullet hissed
From a wreath of mist
Into the Doodle's quarter !

Paff, from the creature's starboard—
Rip, from his ugly snorter,
And the Congress and
The Cumberland
Sunk, and nothing—shorter.

Now, here's to you, Virginia,
And you are bound to win !
By your rate of bobbing round
And your way of pitching in—
For you are a cross
Of the old sea-horse
And a regular terror—pin.

◆◆◆

(From the N. O. Sunday Delta.)

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

The Genius of the Western World
Stood silent by the Sea ;
A bloody spear was in her hand,
A Nation would be free.
Around her feet the gath'ring hosts
Came panoplied for war ;
From orange groves and vine-clad hills
Their shouts are heard afar.
In brotherhood they once had dwelt,
Beneath the fig tree's shade,
Together at God's shrine they knelt,
And at His altars prayed.
For spurious fame, an insane youth
Burned the Ephesean dome,
But *thou*, with more relentless hand,
Fired thy country's home ;
And when dark Sumter's sea-girt sides
Sent forth its iron rain,
The Temple built by Patriots' hands,
By thee was rent in twain.
One cry was heard throughout the land,

By every wind 'twas tost,
The "liberty our father's won
Shall not by us be lost."
To arms! To arms! Arise! Arise!
Escape from every mouth,
List ye, the North's fanatic shout
To subjugate the South.

Back from Virginia's sacred hills,
Polluted by his slaves,
Back from Kentucky's mountain rills,
Or give them bloody graves;
Back from Missouri's purling streams,
Whose waters wed the sea:
From the savannas of the South,
Back from the Tennessee.
Strike as the brave MAGRUDER struck
Upon Great Bethel's plains,
Where Mecklenburg renewed the blood
Imbibed from patriot veins.
Remember how bold BREAUREGARD
Imperishably won
A warrior's name on history's page,
Beneath that July sun.
Remember the devoted blood
By venal Hessians shed,
How BARTOW, BURT, and BEE were laid
Among the gallant dead;
Remember Leesburg's bloody banks,
Your firesides and altars,
And beat them back to watery graves
Beneath Atlantic's waters.
Remember Springfield's giddy heights,
Remember Lexington;
Strike as your brothers struck before,
For the land of WASHINGTON.

(From the N. O. Sunday Delta.)

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE SOUTH.

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

Arm yourselves and be valiant men, and see that ye be in readiness against the morning, that ye may fight with these nations that are assembled against us, to destroy us and our sanctuary.

For it is better for us to die in battle than to behold the calamities of our people and our sanctuary.

—MACCABEES I.

Brothers ! the thunder-cloud is black,
 And the wail of the South wings forth ;
 Will ye cringe to the hot tornado's rack,
 And the Vampires of the North ?
 Strike ! ye can win a martyr's goal,
 Strike ! with a ruthless hand—
 Strike ! with the vengeance of the soul
 For your bright, beleaguered land !
 To arms ! to arms ! for the South needs help,
 And a craven is he who flees,
 For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,*
 And the God of the Maccabees !

Arise ! though the stars have a rugged glare,
 And the moon hath a wrath-blurred crown—
 Brothers ! a blessing is ambushed there
 In the cliffs of the Father's frown :
 Arise ! ye are worthy the wond'rous light
 Which the Sun of Justice gives—
 In the caves and sepulchres of night,
 Jehovah, the Lord King, lives !

*The surname of the great MACCABEUS.

To arms ! to arms ! for the South needs help,
 And a craven is he who flees—
 For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
 And the God of the Maccabees !

Think of the dead by the Tennessee,
 In their frozen shrouds of gore—
 Think of the mothers who shall see
 Those darling eyes no more !
 But better are they in a hero's-grave,
 Than the serfs of time and breath,
 For they are the Children of the Brave,
 And the Cherubim of Death !
 To arms ! to arms ! for the South needs help,
 And a craven is he who flees—
 For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
 And the God of the Maccabees !

Better the charnels of the West,
 And a hecatomb of lives,
 Than the foul invader as a guest,
 'Mid your sisters and your wives—
 But a spirit lurketh in every maid,
 Though, brothers, ye should quail,
 To sharpen a Judith's lurid blade,
 And the livid spike of Jael !
 To arms ! to arms ! for the South needs help,
 And a craven is he who flees—
 For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
 And the God of the Maccabees !

Brothers ! I see you tramping by,
 With the gladiator gaze,
 And your shout is the Macedonian cry
 Of the old, heroic days !
 March on ! with trumpet and with drum,

With rifle, pike, and dart,
 And die—if even death must come—
 Upon your country's heart !
 To arms ! to arms ! for the South needs help,
 And a craven is he who flees—
 For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
 And the God of the Maccabees !

Brothers ! the thunder cloud is black,
 And the wail of the South rings forth ;
 Will ye cringe to the hot tornado's rack,
 And the Vampires of the North ?
 Strike ! ye can win a martyr's goal,
 Strike ! with a ruthless hand ;
 Strike ! with the vengeance of the soul,
 For your bright, beleaguered land !
 To arms ! to arms ! for the South needs help,
 And a craven is he who flees—
 For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
 And the God of the Maccabees !

(From the Charleston Courier.)

BEAUREGARD'S APPEAL.

BY P. H. HAYNE.

I.

Yea ! tho' the need is bitter,
 Take down those sacred Bells !
 Whose music speaks of your hallowed joys,
 And passionate farewells !

II.

But ere ye fall, dismantled,
 Ring out deep Bells ! once more,
 And pour on the waves of the passing wind
 The symphonies of yore !

III.

Let the latest born be welcomed
 By pealings glad and long,
 Let the latest dead in the church-yard bed
 Be laid with solemn song ;

IV.

And the bells above them throbbing,
 Should sound in mournful tone,
 As if in the grief for a human death,
 They prophesied their own :—

V.

Who says, 'tis a desecration
 To strip the Temple Towers,
 And invest the metal of peaceful notes
 With death-compelling powers ?

VI.

A truce to cant and folly !
 With faith itself at stake,
 Can we heed the cry of the shallow fool,
 Or, pause for the Bigot's sake ?

VII.

Then crush the struggling sorrow !
 Feed high your furnace fires,
 That shall change into deep-mouthed guns of bronze,
 The bells from a hundred spires.

VIII.

Methinks, no common vengeance,
No transient war-eclipse
Will follow the awful thunder burst
From their "adamantine lips."

IX.

A cause, like ours, is holy,
And useth holy things,
And over the storm of a righteous strife,
May shine the Angel's wings.

X.

Where'er our Duty leads us,
The grace of God is there,
And the lurid shrine of War may hold
The Eucharist of prayer.

(From the Richmond Enquirer.)

SHILOH.

BY MARGARET STILLING.

Golden lights on the purple hills,
A rosy blush on the valleys fair,
Touching with sparkles the glancing rills,
Like diamonds dropped from the scented air;
So morning came, light tripping and gay,
Showering sweets for the waiting day.

Lazily under the morning sun,
The banners fluttered in sportive play,
Idly unfurling, one by one
Showed to the winds their colors gay;

While the bustling camp, since early light,
Had glistened and gleamed with armor bright.

But long ere the sun that proudly rose
Sank 'mid the red of the evening sky,
The battle-cry of hurrying foes,
Resolved to conquer or bravely die,
Rose wildly above the bugle's call,
Like the voice of grief o'er a funeral pall.

High o'er the field a billowy cloud,
The battle-smoke rose darkly streaming ;
And sun-bright arms in the struggling crowd,
Like lamps of fire were wildly gleaming,
While the shot and shell, with a fearful sound,
Deep furrows bore in the blood-stained ground.

Oh, for the gaze of a spirit then,
The glorious visions so near to brace,
That all unguessed by mortal ken
Hovered above each dying face ;
Bright angel bands from their homes of light,
Like pure stars gemming the darkness of night.

Some holding aloft bright crowns of fame,
Green wreaths of laurel for each brave soul,
Gems of glory to 'circle the name
Of those who reached the hero's goal ;
While others fearlessly standing by death,
O'er the dying bent 'till the last faint breath.

But the proudest brow and bravest heart
That fought that day 'neath the darkened sky,
Fell by the spoiler's fatal dart,
Ere he heard his host's victorious cry,

And the emerald leaves of the chaplet fair
Were damp with the death-dews in his hair.

Alas ! that victory's shout of joy
Should ever be hushed by death's sad wail,
That in all earth's pleasure some alloy
Will fall on the heart like a mourner's vail !
But 'tis ever thus, and the bending skies
Hear less of joy's than of sorrow's cries.

A CRY TO ARMS !

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Ho ! woodsmen of the mountain side !
Ho ! dwellers in the vales !
Ho ! ye who by the chafing tide,
Have roughened in the gales !
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade,
Let desk, and case, and counter rot,
And burn your books of trade !

The despot roves your fairest lands,
And till he flies or fears,
Your fields must grow but armed hands,
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears !
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain ;
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain !

Come with the weapons at your call,
With musket, pike, or knife ;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.
The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn !

Does any falter ? let him turn
To some brave maiden's eyes,
And catch the holy fires that burn
In those sublunar skies.
Oh ! could you like your women feel,
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your lines of steel
Beneath the victor's arch !

What hope, O God ! would not grow warm
When thoughts like these give cheer ?
The lily calmly braves the storm,
And shall the palm tree fear ?
No ! rather let its branches court
The rack that sweeps the plain ;
And from the lily's regal port
Learn how to breast the strain.

Ho ! woodsmen of the mountain's side !
Ho ! dwellers in the vales !
Ho ! ye, who by the roaring tide
Have roughened in the gales !
Come ! flocking gaily to the fight,
From forest, hill, and lake !
We battle for our country's right,
And for the lily's sake !

VIRGINIA!—A BATTLE SONG!

Dedicated to the Virginia Volunteers.

BY MRS. C. J. M. JORDAN.

The cloud is dark,—the storm is nigh,
The foeman's step advances,
Unsheath thy sword,—uplift thine arm,
And dare his glittering lances.
What though his numbers Legion be,
His banners proud and gay.—
God will defend the right, and who
His mighty arm may stay.

Chorus.

Up noble Queen, the brave, the free,
Thou'l bow thee to none other,—
God will thy shield and buckler be,
Virginia,—oh, my mother.

Thy heart is bowed, thy cheek is pale,
Thy tears thou canst not smother;
I know the dart that pierced thy heart,
My own, my gentle mother.
Those whom thou trusted, did betray,
And mocked thy censure mild,—
“*How sharper than a Serpent's tooth,
To have a thankless child.*”

Up noble Queen, &c.

There are, whose life derived from thee,
The brave, the fondly cherished,—
Who for thy welfare and thy weal
Have dared to do,—and perished.
There are, whom thou hast nurtured long,
S*

From whom thou'rt loth to part,
Whose hands now turn to aim the blow,
The death-blow at thy heart.

Up noble Queen, &c.

And shall we see thy glory fade,
Thy splendor soon departed,—
Shall tyrants smite and vassals rule
Thy children, broken-hearted ?
No, no, we'll seize the burnished blade
That seeks thy royal life,—
We'll up and arm us for the fray,
We'll conquer in the strife.

Up noble Queen, &c.

Yes, yes, thy faithful sons will still
Thy truth and honor cherish,—
We'll guard the soil that gave us birth,
Drive back the foe, or perish.
True to the sacred trust we hold
Our Fathers' memory,—
Come weal or woe, or life, or death,
We will be true to thee.

Up noble Queen, &c.

Home of my heart,—may Heaven withhold
The hand that for another
Would darkly seek to lay thee low,
My mother, oh ! my mother ;
HERE on thy soil—thy hallowed soil,
My earliest steps were led,—
Here passed my childhood and my youth,
And here repose my dead.

Up noble Queen, &c.

Deign, righteous Heaven, to bless for aye
The homage that I render,—
Uphold her now, for whom my prayers,
My life, my all, I tender.
Oh, save from spoil her homes and hearths,
Her rivers and her rills,—
Her mountains old, her valleys fair,
Her forests and her hills.
Up noble Queen, &c.

Home of my heart, dear native State,
Thy Star, how brightly burning !
Still homeward lures the wandering steps
Of wayward feet returning.
I would that every alien eye
Might yet invoke its beams,
Till penitential tears would swell
Our meadows and our streams.

Up noble Queen, &c.

I would that all who bear thy name
Might faithful be forever,
Nor time, nor place, nor circumstance,
Thy common household sever.
That one united, all might stand,
Nor tyrants dare to part:
Brothers in fealty and in name,
Aye, doubly so in heart.

Up noble Queen, &c.

Hark, hark,—o'er mountain, vale and glen,
The distant thunders rattle,—
•The foe, the foe is at our door,
Up brothers, to the battle.

He comes,—above our native hills,
His flaunting banners wave,—
Up brothers, to a Victor's palm,
Or to a Freeman's grave.
Up noble Queen, &c.

GATHER! GATHER!

BY ROBERT JOSELYN.

Gather around your country's flag,
Men of the South! the hour has come—
None may falter and none may lag;
March to the sound of the fife and drum—
Who but a cripple would stay at home?

Meet the foe on the border land,
Every inch of soil dispute;
Strike with a sure and heavy hand;
Down with the robber; down with the brute;
Now is the harvest and ripe is the fruit.

Come from the mountain, valley, plain,
Come to the rescue, one and all;
Shout till the welkin ring again;
Sharpen the dagger and mould the ball;
Better a grave than the Yankee's thrall.

Fight like men who have all to lose—
Wives and daughters, and homes and lands;
None but a craven would refuse;—
Fight, fight with your hearts and hands,
Honor requires it, and God commands.





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